

The American Girl

15 cents a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

\$1.50 a year



GHOSTS!

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AUGUST

1926

Yes, really!

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In September

MARGARET
WIDDEMER'S

Eileen and the Golden Helen

A black, sullen storm with a wind that drove their frail canoe down the lake into an unvisited inlet; then suddenly out of the rain a charming little house, and within it the Golden Helen, strangely beautiful, mysterious—as fascinating an adventure as ever befell two girls. And you will want Eileen, spoiled perhaps but generous, too, and gray-eyed, gentle Marcia for your own good chums.

Merry Bags the Lions—not that she intended to; for Merry, as all the world knew, had only contempt for celebrities. Diantha and Ellen Lou and Patsy could be snobs if they wanted to; certainly she would not. It all happens at a summer resort that was also an artists' colony.

Azalea's Code of Honor was a high one—not that she realized it, or thought about it at all, what with going to High School and helping Miss Emma between times. And certainly Pappy would have smiled had you spoken of "a kingly dignity 'neath a simple manner"—but Miss Moffat knew, and Dillie found out.

"She's on a Newspaper"—How many times have you said that, enviously, perhaps, when a reporter came up to write the story of your troop reunion, or your sister's wedding, or to interview a famous visitor! An editor, Michael Williams, tells next month what it really means to be a girl on a newspaper.

A Little Log Cabin in the Mountains—Haven't you just longed to live in one for a whole summer? And wouldn't it be fun to build one from fireplace to porch railing? A Girl Scout troop has built such a cabin this very summer, and Fay Welch tells how they did it.

The Pitty Blue Beads were at the bottom of it all—of the disappearance of Skooky and little George, of Thelma's wild ride into the black night, of—but we can't give it away. A breath-taking story by Ruth Gilbert Cochran.

When the Track Team Goes Out for Northwestern, they do it with zest. Perhaps the lake breezes have something to do with the enthusiasm of these college girls for hurdles and racing and shot putting. One of our own Golden Eaglets tells about it in September.

Your Mirror and You—Of course, they're quite private, the things you and your mirror say to each other. "What kind of person am I anyhow? How could I be more good-looking?" These are some of the questions answered in a new series beginning next month.

In October—Jane Abbott, and not only in October, but in November and ever so many months—a whole serial in fact. It's about a girl who wanted—oh, so much—different, beautiful things, and of how she went out in the world to find them; and, years after, of another girl, her niece, who wanted them, too, and of the sad and happy things their quest led them into.

THE AMERICAN GIRL
The Magazine for All Girls



Building Your Outdoor Fires

Hints for Girl Scout hikers and campers

By E. LAURENCE PALMER

I COULD write an entire magazine about the selection of a site for your fire. Instead, I shall merely warn you that unless you wish something like a Fourth of July celebration, it will be wise to build your fire on soil rather than upon solid rock. If you must use rocks about your fire, use rocks that are dry, and refrain from rocks that have been formed in layers if you can get other types. A rock from a stone wall is worth two from a brook, provided you put it back when you are through with it. If you must build a fire in a dry forest, on the other hand, be sure to surround your fire site with earth, or otherwise make a barrier over which your fire cannot leap. Never build a fire against a living tree.

Starting the Fire

Fuzz sticks, which are useful in starting fires, are made by whittling a stick in such a manner that the shavings remain attached to the stick, as shown in the sketch. Sticks so whittled may then be set to form a little pyramid with the whittled surfaces toward the center. A match touched to the whittlings sets them afire, and through them the fire is carried to the main part of the stick. One thing to remember about making a fire is that the best and surest method is to start in a small way and add fuel gradually, instead of trying to start all your wood at once.

Another way of starting a fire is to build a "log cabin" of small sticks. Fill the center of the "cabin" with fine material that will ignite easily. This method is good if you start your fire with friction, since you can toss burning tinder into the cabin and then add other material quickly. Sticks placed irregularly over the cabin may burn down so that you have what is sometimes called a criss-cross fire. Or you may pile the sticks regularly so that they will meet in a cone or wigwam. This wigwam type of fire will be useful if for any reason you wish to make a flame shoot high into the air in a short time.



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Girl Scouts, Attention!

We want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

THE HECHT CO.
Washington, D. C.

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In Boston—

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BOSTON
for Scout Apparel and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

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What do you do at camp?



"The sloped sides make it fit"

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DO you play tennis? Nothing is more appropriate than a crisp white MAN O' WAR Middy. Many Girl Scouts are wearing these good-looking middies for baseball, too. And for Archery, Canoeing and dress wear in camp.

According to a questionnaire sent out by THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, more Girl Scouts are wearing MAN O' WAR Middies than any other kind of white middy. They like the smart style and trim fit of the MAN O' WAR. The sloped sides make it fit over the hips. No need to pin the sides in.

The MAN O' WAR Middy, No. A-11, in snow white super-jean, is moderately priced at \$1.50 (\$1.75 west of the Mississippi). Read the list of stores at the left and if none of these is near you, we will be glad to see that you are supplied.

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This label is a sign of quality—Look for it.

EVERYTHING FOR CAMP, GYM OR SCHOOL



The Sunrise Call

An Ancient Zuni Indian Song

Rise! arise! arise!
Rise! arise! arise!
Wake ye! arise, life is greeting thee.
Wake ye, arise, ever watchful be.
Mother Life-god, she is calling thee!
Mother Life-god, she is calling thee!
Mother Life-god, she is greeting thee.
All arise, arise, arise!
Rise! arise, arise!

Mighty Sun-god! give thy light to us,
Let it guide us, let it aid us.
See it rise! See it rise!
How the heart glows, how the soul delights,
In the music of the sunlight.
Watch it rise! Watch it rise!
Wake ye, arise, life is greeting thee.
Wake ye, arise, ever watchful be.
Mother Life-god, she is calling thee!
Mother Life-god, she is greeting thee.
All arise, arise, arise!
Rise! arise, arise!

—From *"American Indian Love Lyrics"*

Selected by Nellie Barnes

Published by The Macmillan Co.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts.

Helen Ferris, Editor

August, 1926

The Peace Daughters of Capilano

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Chief of the Woodcraft League of America

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

THOSE of us who have been privileged to enter Vancouver from the west will remember the two great peaks, twins rising high above the other mountains and draped in lasting white, that stand side by side, looking out over the sundown sea. The white men call them the "Lions of Vancouver" for they are in some sort like twin sphinxes.

But Teka Hionwake, the Indian girl who told me this tale, was misled by her white school-teacher when she so called them. She was sitting by her Indian foster-mother as she said it. The old woman's eye tightened up a little in protest, and her head shook vigorously in disapproval.

"Why, Mother!" said the girl. "Are they not The Lions?"

"Nay, Hion," said the old woman, using the pet name which meant that at least she was not displeased with the girl.

"Some day maybe I tell you," said the Klootchman. And Hion knew better than to try to drag out the story, for any such attempt would have shut up the old woman like a clam that is rudely touched.

No, she wisely set the kettle on the fire and made some tea, then said, "Mother, will you have some tea?"

The old woman's eyes sparkled; she was pleased with the tea and the attention. And after she had drunk a cup, and the girl had lighted her pipe for her and shown her eagerness to hear, the old Indian woman began:

It was like this, Little Hion. Long before the white man came, there arose a mighty war-chief to be King of our Squamish Tribe. Capilano they called him, a man of

giant strength and of wisdom matched to his strength. He never sent out a war canoe but it was full of warriors, every warrior was trained, and every quiver was full of arrows; each man had all the weapons that could help him to win. And ever they won. Village after village they took, tribe after tribe was overcome, and when they found brave fighting men among the enemies, they adopted them into the Squamish nation; and when they found cowards they slew them or brought them back as slaves. King Capilano's war canoes went up the coast even farther, conquering and possessing, till they reached the Snowland that you call Alaska. And ever southward his armies forced their way till they conquered and passed to the far Sunland that you call Mexico.

Then eastward his war-men went on foot and climbed the great snow peaks that never before were climbed, and they reached the buffalo plains and met the Buffalo Indians. They routed them in fight after fight, for each of the King's men was a hero. And great bands of warriors were added to the King's army. And spoils without number, buffalo robes for all who wished for them, and great treasures of weapons, wampum, beautiful vessels, lodges, canoes, and slaves. Many more

long houses did the King build for the keeping of his treasures, and ever they were filled and more needed.

Yes, all the nations now owned the sway of the mighty Capilano, all the earth was his. Never before had so great a King been seen. Never one so blessed by the gods of war



"This, then, O Father, is the request of your two daughters"



The girls were brought up with every good thing that power could give; the training that befits a princess royal was abundantly theirs.

and plenty. All good things were his; yes, every good thing, but one—the King had no child.

This was indeed a terrible grief to him, and ever he prayed to Sagalie-Tye, the Great Spirit, that the cloud of sorrow might be rolled away. But the years went by: the kingdom grew mightier and still Capilano was alone.

Then old Mowula, the Shaman, the wise medicine-man, went up high into the snow peaks and built a fast-lodge. For three days and nights he fasted and prayed that the way of wisdom might be made plain. On the fourth day he stood again before Capilano and said:

"O King Capilano, I have fasted and prayed in the high mountains; and on the third night the voices came and they made plain to me the way. And this is their message: 'When Capilano gives to the Great Spirit his chiefest treasure, then shall he receive the thing he desires, and in the measure that is best for him to have.'"

Capilano's heart was filled with joy. And at once he bethought him of his best treasures. At one time a strange war canoe had been wrecked on the coast. It was far bigger than the biggest war canoe of the Squamish. Indeed, it was built not of one trunk but of many. The warriors in it were of a strange race and all were killed by the storm. Among the things washed up on the beach was a huge cauldron of shining red metal. This was now in the treasure house of the King, his chief treasure, his most prized possession.

Capilano bade them bring it, and then with his war captains and wise men about him, he led up the river to a gash in the mountains two thousand feet deep, formed by the mighty Fraser Canyon. Far down was the green and white flood; far towering above, the eternal snow peaks; and ever the voice of the Great Spirit rumbled there proclaiming his presence.

Then, at the King's bidding, the men lighted a little fire of cedar bark, and when it blazed brightly the King took a pinch of tobacco from his pouch and dropped it on the flames. Then there rose a long blue thread of incense smoke, ever the symbol of prayer, for it rises from the nearby mystery of the fire to the far mystery of the all-above, and before it stood the King and prayed as the Indian prays, with feet together, head erect and hands reaching out as to receive. And this was his prayer:

"O Sagalie-Tye, Great Spirit, hear me: Behold I give to you the thing which is my best treasure, will you not give me the thing that above all things is my desire? Will you not in return send to me a child?"

And he took the copper cauldron in his own hands and hurled it over the brink; far, far down it fell to be swallowed up in the boiling flood.

Now the King knew that he had done well. He went back with a lighter heart. War councils and hunting, and spearing the great fish of the sea filled his time and the year passed away. Then the great and wonderful thing for which he had prayed was surely coming about.

In his lodge sat the great King smoking, waiting eagerly for the coming of the old wise woman. She came at last and stood before the King. He tried to seem unmoved but his hand and his lips trembled a little as he removed the pipe and said, "Well?"

"Good news, O King, the Great Spirit hath heard your prayer and answered it. Yea, better. . . ."

"What mean you? Speak out," commanded Capilano.

"Not a child, O King, but twins are born in answer to your prayer." But there was a note of reserve in the woman's voice, a doubt in her face. The King caught it and said in savage eagerness, "What? Do they not live?"

"Yes, O King, alive and strong. But—both are girls." For a moment the King was dashed with disappointment, but quickly recovered, and said, "Never mind, they are mine own children. They shall be brought up as becomes their station. Each of them shall marry a great war chief and two lines of warriors descended from Capilano shall rule the earth."

The girls were brought up with every good thing that power could give: the best of training and of wisdom that befits a woman and a princess royal were abundantly theirs. They grew up beautiful young women, beloved by all who knew them, worshipped by their father and altogether worthy of his love.

When they were sixteen years of age they were accounted marriageable women, and the King, as is the custom, gave for them a great Potlatch, a feast that should be a worthy celebration.

The King had grown ever greater and richer, and at that Potlatch were gathered more great warriors and wise councillors than it was believed could be found in all the world. A new Long House was built for that day, for there was none big enough in the village.

Bright new cedar mattings were spread on the ground and food of every famous kind was in abundance. Sea and land, river and forest yielded their tribute. Vessels of wonderful make and of strange metals there were. The

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Our 'Round the World Camp

*Love and comradeship and beauty
spring into being when Girl Scouts
and Girl Guides from all the nations
camp together*

CAMP is always more fun, it seems, when you have a girl from another town in your tent. She tells you about what the girls do where she lives, and you tell her about yourself and your friends, back home. When you go hiking, she has a delectable new recipe to cook over the fire. And she exclaims in delight over your favorite outdoor dish. When camp fire time comes, she knows a jolly song or a most amusing story to tell. New friends, new places—what fun!

Imagine, then, a camp in which your tent-mate comes from over the ocean—from Belgium, perhaps, Latvia or Portugal or Hungary! When you open your eyes in the morning and hear the birds, you find her smiling at you from across the way and she says, "We have that bird, I think, in my country." The same birds—you never thought of that, before.

As you sit beside her, eating your breakfast with the morning breeze ruffling your bobbed hair, she tells you of her last camp trip—in her land so far away. And what is this she is saying? That the Girl Guides there camped in a castle? An old castle! You must, simply must, see the pictures of it at once. So immediately after breakfast, if your patrol doesn't happen to be on duty for dishwash-



Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell included everyone in their friendly smile

ing, you race back with her to your tent and she gets out the snap-shot which she has brought especially to show her new friends in the United States.

An old castle, indeed. There it is—assuredly it must be haunted, although your Hungarian friend says no ghosts walked when the girls were there. Here is a picture of the girls eating in the garden of the castle. Yesterday, noble ladies and courtly gentlemen walked these paths. Today, the Girl Guides. And here is a picture of the girls' beds, made up on the floor of a magnificent ballroom. The beds, right down on the floor, look not unlike that on which you are sitting, except that yours is a cot. But above the Hungarian girl's bed no canvas roof swings protectingly low—their roof is a high, ornately



When our visitors gave us a glimpse of Old World dress and costumes it was a colorful parade

patterned ceiling built centuries ago for a noble lord. "You see, in our country," your over-seas friend goes on to explain, "the girls have not been camping long enough for their parents to approve of tents. And not so many people live in castles as once did. So we go to a vacant castle. Some day, tents, perhaps."

Such a "Round-the-World Camp" was our Camp Edith Macy from May eleventh to May seventeenth. To it came our over-seas guests from thirty-eight different countries of the world. And awaiting them, one sunshiny day, were our own Girl Scout leaders from all parts of the United States. Perhaps your own captain was among those who looked eagerly down the road, that afternoon. Fortunate you are if she was, for already you have heard her story of it all.

Flags flashing in the sun—a long line of them, beside a winding road, each held aloft by a Girl Scout leader who was waiting for her special guest. For each visitor was first to find the flag of her own country, then to be shown to her tent by her "Aide."

Gaily the leaders chatted together—when suddenly there came a breathless moment. Were the cars really coming down the road at last? Everyone strained her eyes. Yes! At last! And before anyone could realize it, our over-seas guests had arrived.

Lady Baden-Powell, the wife of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy and Girl Guides and Scouts—yes, there she was, seeming to include everyone in her charming smile. And she had come to stay, she said. With her was Mrs. Juliette Low, the Founder of the Girl Scouts in this country, and an old friend of Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell.

"It is a dream come true," said Mrs. Low, happily.

And there, at the entrance to Camp Edith Macy, the roadside became a happy meeting place. The badges of our guests told us from what country each had come to us. Their friendly greetings left no doubt that they were Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

Snatches of delighted recollections were at once heard on every side. "Your United States, it is so beautiful," said one.

"Your President was so cordial. He likes the Girl Scouts," said another. For our guests had already visited Washington, there to be greeted by President and Mrs. Coolidge, and to be graciously entertained by Mrs. Herbert Hoover. A supper cooked by Girl Scouts had also

been served them there at the Girl Scout Little House.

"And the Governor of Massachusetts came out on the steps with us," continued another. Yes, they had already visited historic Boston, with the Massachusetts Girl Scouts welcoming them at Cedar Hill and at their State Review. And that very day, at Mrs. Nicholas Brady's lovely Long Island home, *Inisfad*, they had lingered in the beautiful garden, blooming as if in special welcoming of them with flowers from their own countries.

One of our Norwegian guests took delight in something else, too. With merry eyes dancing, she added, "And those policemen on motorcycles! Poff! They made way for us. It was very lovely." For the Mayor of New York had provided our guests with a motorcycle escort to help their cars through the traffic.

President, Governor, Mayor—all had joined with the Girl Scouts of the United States in their welcoming. For this was indeed a momentous occasion, the first International Girl Guide and Girl Scout Camp to be held in this country.

Up the hill flashed the beautiful flags of the thirty-eight nations; up the hill followed our guests and hostesses, up to the Great Hall of Camp Edith Macy. There is poetry in this Hall—so beautifully planned by James Y. Rippin, who designed and constructed the camp—with its walls of field stone, with its windows framing ever-changing pictures of rolling hills and green trees and far away, misty vistas. There is poetry in the massive fireplaces, at either end, and their fire-screens on which tall pine trees stand guard. There is poetry in the hand-hewn beams, in the tables and chairs that seem to have been there always, in tall candles, and in bowls of spring flowers.

This is the room which greeted our guests. Here, with candles alight, with huge logs crackling, they sat down for supper. And after a jolly, festive meal, Mrs. Low and Lady Baden-Powell expressed what was in the hearts of all who were there—"Welcome," from Mrs. Low. "We are happy to have come," from Lady Baden-Powell.

Later, that same evening, the Great Hall held unforgettable pictures. Outside, twilight deepened into night. Within, soft lights and the dedication of Camp Edith Macy. Above the fireplace, at one end of the hall, hangs the bronze plaque of her in whose memory the camp itself has been given by her husband, Mr. V. Everit Macy. Below this

(Continued on page 38)



Girl Scouts came to do honor to our visitors. Here the Girl Scouts of Westchester County, N. Y., construct a setting for their stunt

She Forgot She Was a Lady

But when everyone thought she was a tomboy, anyhow, and with the umpire calling "Ball" even in spite of Tony's magnificent pitching, who wouldn't? Certainly not Susan

By LUCY MARCH ROYER

Illustrations by Courtney Allen

COME on, Susan, it's your turn now." Joel Weismuller turned from the clipped round head of his youngest son, Paul, to his fourteen-year-old daughter, Susan, who was sitting tailor-fashion on the well-porch watching her father do the monthly hair trimming.

"Come on, now." He selected a yellow crock from the assortment of his wife's mixing bowls placed near him on the bench and motioned with his scissors to his daughter.

Susan slowly drew her wiry body to an upright position. There was an undertone of eagerness in her voice as she answered her father.

"I don't want for you to make my hairs short any more. I want them long."

Joel Weismuller's scissors remained suspended in the air. The twins, Josh and Jake, aged twelve, stared at their sister with wide, inquiring eyes. Suddenly Jake burst into a loud laugh. When he could control himself he pointed his finger at Susan.

"She mebbe thinks that letting her hair grow long'll make her into a lady. She's mebbe tired of being a tom-boy."

Susan's only sign was a slight trembling of her sensitive mouth. Her large gray eyes did not leave her father's face as she repeated. "I want them to grow long."

"Well, I don't know now." Her father's voice was kindly. "Mebbe you have right. What'd you think, Benjamin?" With an air of indecision he turned to his brother for an opinion.

Uncle Bennie was leaning against the grape arbor. He was whistling softly, swaying his lithe young body back and forth in accompaniment to his own tune. He evidently caught the appeal in Susan's eye for his tone was decisive. "Ain't a girl's hair her own? Bein's she wants them long, long they should be."

Joel Weismuller nodded his head. "Yes, well. Let's tell Mom and see if she'll give her the word. Come here, once." He called to his wife who hurried from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron. Her sharp eyes rested on Susan.

"What'd you think, Mom!" Jake gave his sister no chance. "Susan wants her hair long. She wants to be pretty and have a beau."

Mrs. Weismuller gave her son an affectionate cuff. Then she turned to Susan. "Pretty is as pretty does. Course I ain't going to have her hair long. It's just now one of her notions."

"Please, Mom," Susan's hard little hands twisted nervously at her dress. "I'll comb them myself. Please I want them long like other girls."

"I know, Mom." Josh could no longer keep quiet. "She thinks then she'll get invited to parties. Susan ain't ever got anybody to go by her, bein's she's a tom-boy."

"Well, it's a good thing. I never was anything for such foolishness when I was little."

Her father
fitted the
bowl over
her head



"But Susan ain't little, Mom." Mr. Weismuller's mild voice protested. "Fourteen years old she is a'ready and she ought to have long hair and a ribbon."

"Now, Pop, you hush. Susan can play with her brothers. I'm going to keep her hair short. She goes to school to learn and not for parties and foolishness."

Susan's shoulders dropped hopelessly. Uncle Bennie made a last effort. "Now see here, Kate. They may be sent to school to learn but they go for fun, and Susan ought to have her share. She ain't a tom-boy at heart. She's just had to be rough to protect herself from all the males in this family."

Mrs. Weismuller turned quickly. "It's somepin surprisin', Benjamin, your upholdin' Susan in this. I should think you'd favor to have her hair short, bein's a certain party has hern that way."

The blood came up into Uncle Bennie's face. Susan knew what her mother meant. Uncle Bennie liked the school teacher, Miss Elsie, and Mom didn't. But he would not answer and Mom went into the house.

"Come, Susan, we must mind Mom. She has right." Susan submitted in silence as her father fitted the bowl over her head. She was grateful to Uncle Bennie when he chased Jake and Josh off to the woodpile. He resumed his whistling but half under his breath he talked to her.

"Long hair wouldn't be anyways convenient for your ball playing, Susan. You can beat them all at that. I've seen to it. For a girl you certainly can twirl some. The season opens soon. Parties and ladies and manners'll be forgotten in this Pennsylvania town."

She tried to smile at Uncle Bennie. Then she swallowed the lump in her throat. "I don't mind, I don't mind, I don't mind." She sang it strong and loud so that Josh and Jake might hear. With a toss of her shorn head she was off like a colt to the woods across the meadow.

She hadn't really minded much about her appearance until Tony's advent. She could never forget the day he came to school three months before. Tony de Petra—his name had made her gasp. It was like the names she read in books. He was tall—he must be fifteen years old—and he had brown eyes and black shining hair. He had on a suit which must have come from some big town like Lebanon. He wore a high collar with a blue bow which

exactly matched his stockings. He had walked lightly up the aisle to Miss Elsie's desk. "I am a new pupil. My father has opened a shop on Main Street. He is a barber. I am one, too, but I wish to come to school to finish my education."

There had never been a barber in the village, and at the word some of the boys began to laugh. He had turned about with inquiring eyes, and they had looked foolish and had not laughed again.

For Tony had come from across the water and had lived in a city all his life, and knew more than any boy they'd ever heard of. And he had manners, real city manners that were wonderfully stylish.

It began with Miss Elsie. He was quick to pick up her book, to thank her for the slightest help, to listen when she was teaching. Miss Elsie had had a hard time with no one to favor her but Uncle Bennie. Most of the

directors had wanted Miss Jennie Updegraf, who had taught in the primary school for thirty years. Miss Jennie's brother was the truant officer. Humpie, the boys called him. He had told it all about that Miss Elsie couldn't discipline the scholars. Even Susan's Mom was against her. "She may have had the fever but that don't make it no ways becoming for a grown school teacher to have them short curls and look so young. The children won't learn and will grow up dumb. You'll see."

The boys tried to copy Tony and put on manners to the girls. Only Susan shared in none of the attention. Tony had tried to be kind to her once. He had left the other boys one afternoon after school and had walked beside her. "May I carry the books for you?" he had said. "They look very heavy." He had taken off his hat and made a wonderful bow just as he did to the other girls.

But she could not burden him with the books which were heavy with the ones Jake and Josh had put on her arm. She had answered very quickly in her embarrassment, "What for should you take them? I'm stronger than you and not any-ways poorly. I'd liefer carry them myself."

Her cheeks burned as she thought of it. She had seen by his face that something was wrong. She had lingered along the village street and soon he had come by with Emmy Souders, the prettiest girl in school. He was carrying her books. Emmy had walked with pride, swishing her skirts in a way Susan had envied and smiling as they passed.

Tony had never asked her again.

Uncle Bennie had predicted correctly. Next day at noon the boys started baseball practice in the field across from the schoolhouse. Susan's heart thrilled with joy. They would want her now and forget her short hair and ugly clothes. Perhaps even Tony would admire the way

she could pitch. She knew other boys did. Tony would too.

She hurried across the road with Josh and Jake, who seemed proud to have her with them. The girls left their lunches and stood along the fence to watch, and even Miss Elsie came running, looking just like a little girl with her pink cheeks and her curls bobbing about.

Susan was very happy as she waited about for the preliminaries to be over. She was warming up by pitching first to Jake and then to Josh the new ball which Uncle Bennie had given her. Tony was leaning against the fence and she felt his brown eyes watching her. Jake was conscious of him, too, for suddenly he called, "It's mebbe that you've never seen a game. I hear they ain't much for it in foreign parts."

"Oh, yes, I've seen one, often." Tony's voice was careless and there was something about it that made Jake pause. Susan reluctantly waited.

"You ain't ever played one, have you?"

"Oh, yes," Tony moved his shoulders quickly. "I was pitcher on the Boy Invincibles in the city. We beat lots of schools."

Jake's mouth opened. Then he grabbed the ball from Susan. "Here, let's see you pitch."

And Tony could pitch, almost as swift and sure as Uncle Bennie. They all conceded that as they crowded about. Susan knew it was true. She thrilled with admiration. Then with a sickening pang her own plight came over her.

"We got a pitcher." For a moment Jake was loyal. Then he wavered. "But she's only a girl and Pop says she's any-ways too big to be on the team. We'll make you pitcher and then we'll win the big game with the Zeiderstown school."

Susan could not stay to watch. When no one was noticing she ran to the school yard. She did not know that any one had followed her until she heard a gentle voice.

"I wouldn't mind not playing them rough games if I was you. They don't get you any-where when it comes to beaux. Maybe you and I could skip rope together. That's most like dancing."

It was Emmy Souders, her face all sympathy. Susan burned with gratitude. So round and round the yard they skipped, and if Susan's heart

kept straying to the baseball practice she gave no sign. All her outward attention was on her playmate.

Emmy was small and fat. Her golden curls were adorned by an enormous ribbon bow which swayed from one side of her head to the other like a pair of butterfly's wings trying vainly to raise its body. That bow had always fascinated Susan. She had imagined the wind catching it and bearing it aloft followed by Emmy, fat and kicking. But that bow made her a real lady and all the boys liked her. Susan had often seen Tony looking from

When Margaret Widdemer Was a Girl

What was she like when she was a girl? That is what we always want to know, especially of one who writes of such attractive girls as Eileen and Marcia, in *Eileen and the Golden Helen* in our September issue.

"My girlhood wasn't a bit like the lives of Girl Scouts of today," Miss Widdemer writes. "I wish it had been. It was a life made up mainly of reading—reading everything in the world. I used to go canoeing in a little red canoe, and I went swimming in the summer and played on the beach. And I loved camping and spent several summers in the Maine woods.

"I always wrote; I used to dictate stories to my family before I learned to write, but since I was six I have been writing them down myself.

"Besides my Winona books I have written novels and poetry since I was very young—*The Rose Garden Husband*, and its sequel, *The Wishing Ring Man*, and a half dozen others; and more serious books like *Charis Sees It Through*. My new novel, *The Gallant Lady*, is going to be published this fall. And, then, of course, there are my books of poems, *Old Roads to Paradise*, *Cross-Currents* and others.

"The scene of *Eileen and the Golden Helen* is laid in the cabin on Lake George where I spent a whole summer."





Something in Susan's advance must have warned him, for when they were almost upon him he started to run

her own shorn head to Emmy's and she had blushed with shame at the comparison.

Her heart was very sore when she got home that night, but she forgot her own troubles in sympathy for Uncle Bennie. Mom was poking fun at him again about Miss Elsie.

"The teacher you fetched from Normal School is getting younger every day, Benjamin. Mr. Updegraf spied her runnin' and friskin' about today just like one of the scholars. That's a fine thing for a lady that teaches. It's somepin surprisin' how long it takes them hairs to grow." Mom nodded wisely.

Uncle Bennie put his head back and laughed and laughed. That made Mom mad. "It certainly wonders me, Benjamin, that you'll stand up for a party who's game-makin' of your language. I'd have more pride."

Uncle Bennie's mouth looked hard when he talked back to Mom. "Game-making of me or no game-making of me, I fetched her here and here she's going to stay until she wants to go. They're not going to make her a failure at teaching just because of them curls. And, Kate, I'm much for them. It's surprising how beautiful they are." Uncle Bennie's eyes were twinkling again.

She would have to have curls. Susan made up her mind to that as she lay in bed next morning. She had heard of a way which she determined to try that very day.

She started to school with the boys and when they were not noticing she slipped across the road into the orchard. Presently she found some gum on the old quince tree and half dissolving it in water from the brook she covered her hair with it. Then she rolled each sticky wisp on some bits of paper. She was sitting under a tree reading *Ivanhoe*, which Miss Elsie had loaned her, when she suddenly looked up to see Humpie leaping across the brook. His green eyes were shining with excitement. He shifted his

tobacco from one cheek to the other and grabbed her arm.

"I ketched you, I ketched you," he called. "Now you hurry quick and come along by me."

Mrs. Weismuller met them at the kitchen door with up-raised hands. "Think now! That Susan playing hookey! I should think she'd feel shame. Take her right along as she is, Mr. Updegraf. It'll mebbe learn her a lesson. Heaven knows what's she's made with her hair now."

She had to go. Humpie stumped along, paying no attention to her misery. When he arrived at school he dragged her ignominiously up the aisle. She stood before Miss Elsie's desk in all her shame.

Humpie's voice was accusing. "She's one of your scholars playing hookey. You didn't make her come to school and I had to yet tramp after her most two miles."

Miss Elsie did not seem to hear him. She made all the scholars study their books. Then she put her arm about Susan. Humpie went right on talking.

"I knowed when I seen her brothers come along and her not by them. But I fetched her. Think now! Even a girl what's growed enough for a lady playing hookey. But—" Susan could feel his contemptuous glance—"she ain't a girl. She's a tomboy. She needs a licking."

Miss Elsie's arm pressed closer. Her voice shook but she stood very straight. "My scholars don't need whippings, Mr. Updegraf. Susan's all right. She's going to fix her hair and then study her lessons to make up. Good-morning."

Humpie's face got red and he muttered angrily as he went out. At Miss Elsie's kindness the lump in Susan's throat grew bigger but she shut her lips tight as she walked to the cloak room. When she came out again classes were going on as usual and no one noticed her.

The next few days were very miserable. Her hair hung

(Continued on page 49)



Haunted Houses

If you would have a ghost happy, give him an ancient castle with secret chambers, gloomy moats and creaky floors—More hair-raising stories for your campfire

By ALICE MARY KIMBALL

Illustrations by Emma Brock

derive from modern inventions? You couldn't show off to advantage against the glare of electric lights. No ghost can. It takes the greenish-glare of lightning, of pale moonlight, or the Egyptian blackness of rat-infested corridors to give a spectre a decent background. Think how humiliating to beckon and wave in a light-flooded room and not even be seen. You might

A GHOST loves old houses as a cat loves cream. And a ghost hates a new house as a cat hates wet feet. The older a house is, the better for ghosts. The horrid its history, the better. Ghosts delight in all kinds of creepy, red-handed deeds. That is, if one may judge from their actions; and how else may one judge, either a ghost—if there is such a thing—or a human being?

You never hear of a ghost haunting a modern house. Electric lights, up-to-date bathrooms, telephones, and radios: all these, so convenient and delightful to us, apparently are loathsome to ghosts. Nor will a ghost have anything to do with a motor car. They rattle around in rumbling, old-fashioned coaches, according to the tales, and they have really blood-curdling taste in coachmen. They prefer headless ones! Ghosts have been known to ride horseback, with and without heads. I suppose you remember the spectre of Sleepy Hollow who rode without.

Does this indicate that the spooky tribe is quite too silly and old-fogy to consider further? Shall we put them out of our heads and change the subject to something sensible? Let us not judge too harshly. It is easy to be uncharitable, even to ghosts, if we forget to use our imaginations. Let us be broad-minded and put ourselves for an instant—if it isn't too terrifying—in a ghost's shoes.

Suppose you were a ghost, yourself?

Being a ghost and being a lively, healthy girl are two quite different matters. As a ghost, you wouldn't need to eat, sleep, bathe, go to school, have parties, call friends on the telephone, or enjoy yourself in any human fashion. Your business would be to trail back and forth from the cemetery, utter shrieks, curses, and dooms, and scare the daylight out of people.

Perhaps I should apologize here to the ghosts who really do seem inspired by generous motives: such as the tribe of spectres which seems concerned with revealing the hiding-places of wills or money. But suppose, even, you were a ghost with good intentions. What benefit could you

knock and slam for hours trying to get a little attention and be drowned out by the victrola, or by water running in the bathroom, or by the sound of riveting outside where a steel building was going up.

Time was, too, when ghosts seemed mysterious. People were good and scared at the sight of them. But in our day, we say: "What could be more wonderful than the telephone?" "What could be stranger than sending pictures by wire?" Or "Isn't the radio miraculous?" The poor ghost is simply snowed under by the marvels of science. It is in a class with the spinning wheel tucked away in the attic.

I suppose if a Girl Scout saw a ghost, she would try to study it, like a pet animal, for her Nature Study badge. We live in such a sadly matter-of-fact world! The habit of thinking that everything we see is due to natural causes has all but put ghosts out of their jobs forever.

No up-to-dateness, then, for a Haunted House.

Give a ghost, if you wish to be kind to it, a castle of incredible age, with a history of desperate deeds stretching back into dark savage times. (Houses in America are nearly all too young.) A ghost requires luxuries like secret chambers, walled-up passageways, murderous moats, creaky floors, and dim ceilings from which cobwebs hang, collecting long, frowsy beards of dust. Give him, I say, surroundings which would cause any tidy housekeeper to die of despair, and he will be happy in his queer way. He will thrive and knock and walk.

Probably the most congenial place for ghosts in the world is Glamis Castle in Forfarshire, England. This is one of the best known of haunted houses. The uncanny tales of Glamis are connected with its secret chamber—and the secret of this chamber is not common property.

Glamis is very old and grim. It is, tradition says, the scene of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, egged on by the strong-willed Lady Macbeth. The Macbeth murder is more famous than other killings at



She just pointed with her stick to the stump of an old apple tree and waited

Glamis because the great genius, William Shakespeare, selected it as the theme of a great play. When you read Macbeth or see it acted hereafter, do remember what I am telling you of Glamis and its secret chamber.

The identical room in which Duncan is supposed to have been done to death is sometimes shown to visitors, together with the sword and the shirt (made of chain-mail) worn by Macbeth. Historians do not take this chamber with its relics seriously, but it helps us to enjoy to the full the gory thrills of Glamis.

It would take a book to describe the crimes, the feuds, the gamblings, the family curses, and the deeds of violence which are associated with Glamis. Nobody knows when the hoary structure was built or when its unmentionable horrors began. In 1371, a century before Columbus discovered America, 250 years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, we first hear of Glamis. Its owners were Scottish lords—fierce men who lived in fierce times. Not one of them for generations was ever known to die peaceably in his bed. They always managed to perish in duels or to get assassinated.

Janet, the beautiful widow of the sixth Lord Glamis, had a dreadful time. She was indicted for witchcraft. Witches were as common as ghosts in the good old days of our ancestors. If anything unpleasant or upsetting happened, people would say, "Some witch is to blame for this." They would begin, then, to peer at their neighbors. This was convenient, in a way, for they didn't have to trace causes back to their own laziness or witlessness. If the bread didn't rise or the jell didn't jell; if the butter failed

to come in the churn or if an old cow died; if someone broke a leg or blossomed out with small-pox; whatever calamity came about, the folks of our great-great-grandmother's day would set up a hue and cry: "Find the witch!"

They picked, naturally, on some attention-attracting person: perhaps a hook-nosed, toothless old dame, more than ordinarily bad-natured from age, rheumatism, and poverty. Or they might swoop down on some woman who stood out by reason of talent and personality. Thus Joan of Arc was burned as a witch because she made trouble for her enemies, and thus probably the lovely Lady Janet of Glamis. She was accused of attempting the life of James the Fifth by the arts of sorcery and magic. She was condemned to burn and perished in the flames. Has her unquiet ghost anything to do with the mystery of Glamis?

There is a tale, too, of one extremely wicked Earl of Glamis which may have some bearing on the mystery. He was an altogether dreadful and horrid man. He would try to get the servants to play with him the games of chance which were common in those times; but they, good creatures, refused. One day, when he had made life miserable for everybody by his search for a gaming partner, a tall, dark Stranger appeared, mysteriously wrapped in a long, black cloak. Nodding to the Earl as to an old friend, he took his place opposite. He proposed a high stake, and the Earl agreed, if he were the loser, to sign a bond for anything the uncanny visitor might choose to ask.

Doors were shut. A fast and furious game ensued.

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrations
by
Edward C.
Caswell

The Secret Cargo

*In which strangers come to the
island and the night is full of
adventure for Ann and Susan*

By CLARICE DETZER

See page 45 for what has happened so far in this story

CHAPTER VI *Flashes in the Black Night*

THAT afternoon, fog and wet winds put Chris Anderson, keeper of the Four Wind Lighthouse, abed with rheumatics. He had not yet lighted the lamp in the tower when his daughter Ann came into his bedroom and found him suffering. She had left Susan Lafitte still weeping in the kitchen.

"Father!" Ann cried.

"Aye, gal! It's the rheumatics as has me . . . these here wicked fogs! Ann, I be getting old. . . ."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ann. "You're not getting old, Father. You're just . . ."

"Just what?"

"Unreasonable, Father. You might know Susan Lafitte would have nothing to do with stealing that mail. . . ."

"She wouldn't?" Keeper Anderson moved uncomfortably in bed. "I don't know she wouldn't. Somebody took it. Eh, didn't they? And it's a poor show ye made of yourself afore Captain Weeks, arguing with him."

"Poor show?" Ann herself began to weep. "I bring a friend here to visit, a fine girl, and who is it makes a

poor show, I wonder? Captain Weeks arrests her as if she were a common thief, insults her. . . ." she would have continued, but her father wrenched with pain. "I'll see that the light burns in the tower at sundown," she promised quickly, "and I'll keep up steam under the fog signal."

She buttoned a sou'wester under her chin, threw an oil-skin slicker across her shoulders and stepped out into the weeping afternoon. Down across the beach, the squat roof of the square, brick fog signal house poked up its black smoke stack and brass whistle through the mists. Chris Anderson had already stoked the fire and set the fog horn in operation. Its long, mournful blasts moaned blatantly across the wet air, warning vessels on the lake of the Windy Island reefs.

Ann opened the door and stepped inside. A broad faced boiler showed its hot mouth just ahead. Steam hissed in a gauge. A busy mechanism with the sound of clockwork buzzed in the darkness to the right. With a large iron scoop, she flung coal into the firebox.

The signal roared, shaking the little brick building. Ann

*He stopped now and again
to jam a pair of long
range binoculars to his eyes*

glanced at the steam and water gauges, made sure they were high enough, and turned disconsolately toward the house. In her own window on the ground floor she saw Susan Lafitte looking out with red eyes and face. Ann waved to her unhappily.

How foolish she had been to agree to carry the mail for the coast guard and lighthouse! Captain Merryman could have brought it. Hadn't her father told her a thousand stories of the mail service, of how the mail must hurry, safe and uninterrupted, no matter what happened? Hadn't she thrilled, when a little girl, at the tales of brave men who risked their lives so that the mail would not be late?

And here she had lost letters, no one could guess how important, merely through her own carelessness! But to think that people mistrusted Sue; blamed Sue because her name happened to be Lafitte! Such a far-fetched reason! Because Sue, who was her guest, couldn't tell cranky old Captain Wells of the coast guard just what her father's business was, he claimed anybody named Lafitte was dishonest!

"Ann, you believe in me?" Susan cried as Ann entered the room. "You don't think I could take your father's letters . . ."

"Of course, Sue, I *know* you didn't. But my father's a stern man. Hard. He's lived a hard, stern life. He's known wicked men and wicked seas, my father has, and shipwreck and storms and starvation. That's why he's so crippled and bent. He's in his room there now, hardly able to sit up. Fog always puts a crick in his bones. I've just been stoking the signal fire."

She pulled off her slicker. Sue wiped her eyes.

"I'd like to go back to Whitefish, Ann."

"You can't, Susan. The *Dancing Moon* won't put in here on her trip south if this fog keeps up, and besides . . . Captain Weeks has forbidden you to leave the reservation."

Sue refused to be comforted. All afternoon she sat moodily at the window, looking out at the heaving lake. The fog lifted suddenly, just before the official hour of sundown, on a wind that ran up from the west. Ann climbed the steep stairs to the lighthouse tower, kindled the self-generating lamp, dusted the lens carefully, and swung shut the lantern door upon its oiled brass hinges. In the gathering evening, Four Wind light shone white and clear across the restless water. It illuminated the tips of cedar trees back from the beach with a hard green glare, and hummed contentedly in its burner.

Once at nine o'clock, and again at half after ten, Ann climbed the circular iron stair to the lighthouse top to make sure that the lamp burned properly. The evening had fallen chill for that season of the year. Stars looked down on the cloudless air. At fifteen minutes past midnight, Ann arose from bed and turned up the light in her room. She saw Sue stir.

"Awake?" Ann asked.

"I can't sleep!" Sue answered.

"I'm going out to the tower. Come with me. The air will do you good."

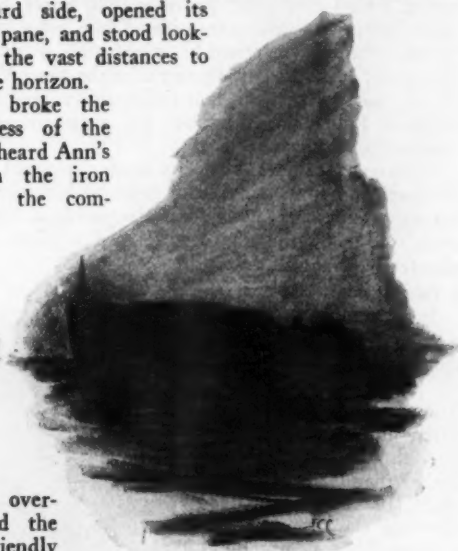
Sue dressed slowly. She would go anywhere, rather than lie there longer and think of what had happened. High on its tower the lamp buzzed happily, shooting its constant white gleam across miles of dark, unstable water. Far on the horizon a freighter showed two bunches of yellow lights as it moved south toward Chicago. A half dozen miles across the channel the two girls could see a long, black hump that Ann knew was Red Shoal Island. It was the nearest to Four Wind of any of the Windy group, a bleak, houseless acreage of thicket and morass. Smaller islands lay behind it, and off its southern point a ragged heap of rocks known as Hasty Isle.

In the work room of the tower, just under the lantern, Sue stayed below while Ann climbed the last dozen rungs of the iron ladder that led to the light compartment. It

was a round, cramped room where she waited, with white stone walls and deep windows that looked out from four sides. Ann had left a lantern burning here, too dim to make out more than the general outlines of the lighthouse equipment stored about. Sue crossed to the window on the lakeward side, opened its small thick pane, and stood looking out at the vast distances to the invisible horizon.

Nothing broke the flat blackness of the night. Sue heard Ann's boots upon the iron decking of the com-

The putt-putt
of a motor
engine



partment overhead, heard the constant friendly hum of the lamp

itself. She stared out through the blackness, with no thought of anything save her own harsh troubles, and her father, and how he would right matters for her once he heard what had happened.

She straightened up stiffly, listening. Far across the water echoed a sharp report, a sound like the distant explosion of dynamite.

At the same instant Ann eased her lithe body through the square hole in the decking above, and came down hand under hand, reaching surefootedly for the ladder rungs. Sue pointed through the window.

"Who lives on that island across there?" she asked.

"No one."

"No one at all?"

"No one overnight. Fishermen sometimes land there in the daytime."

"I heard a queer sound. . . ."

"Queer? How?"

Susan laughed, as if at herself. "I suppose I'm all strung up. I thought I heard an explosion."

"Nonsense."

Ann crossed briskly to the window and peered out. At that instant a flash of light showed on Red Shoal Island. It shone clearly for an instant, blotted out, burned once more for the space of half a minute.

When it had flashed off the second time, there drifted across the water the distant, indistinct boom of other explosions.

"Sue," Ann spoke rapidly, with quickened breath. "No one is supposed to be on that island. No one lives there. Sue, something's wrong over there—very much wrong!"

CHAPTER VII

A Sudden Appearance

The fishing village of Four Wind, deep in its harbor, lay black under the night clouds, showing only a single crimson spark of light, at the end of its blunt pier. Two rows of dilapidated houses edged the sandy road, and huddled together on the beach, a dozen fish shanties pitched up steep roofs behind their army of net reels that squeaked in the western breeze.

At twenty minutes past one, had anyone been wakeful, he might have heard the putt-putt of a motor boat engine in the outer harbor. Had the man on patrol from the coast guard station on the Point been walking south instead of north, he too would have heard it, and probably investigated. Had the coast guard watch tower been on the inner instead of the outer side of the point, the man on watch would have turned his night glass in that direction. For boats do not often attempt to make Four Wind harbor in the early hours of morning, and a boat under way without lights would arouse the suspicion of even the rawest coast guard recruit.

Whatever craft it was, its engine stopped just inside the harbor mouth, and silence came back to the anchorage, silence broken only by the secretive swish of oars near the piers. Out of the darkness loomed a black patch that slowly shaped itself into a fishing boat.

It thumped gently against a wharf. A chunky shadow leaped up to the flooring and dragged a second man after him. The third one, also, staggered. Together they made for the shore, the two of them carrying the other. In a fisherman's shanty on the beach, they laid the injured man on a pile of nets, while the other lighted a hanging lamp.

The yellow lamp light showed him to be a broad-jawed, jowly man, with greenish eyes and a pair of crooked legs. One bent in, the other out.

"Now do as I say," he began, paying little heed to the moaning of the others. "I'll get help for you, but don't you go talking. Don't let me hear that you've used the name o' Red Donovan . . . understand? Here's what you tell them . . ."

At half after two that morning, excited fishermen from Four Wind village knocked at the door of the coast guard station. They bore in their arms two men, both of whom were weak from loss of blood. Captain Weeks, who dressed hurriedly, ordered spare cots set up for them.

"It's Duck Ludlow and Harpoon Bales," a fisherman explained. "They was attack-ted . . ."

"Attack-ted?" demanded Captain Weeks. "Attack-ted on this reservation? By the mackinac, by who?"

"Not on the reservation. They was comin' in harbor. Just made dock when a man hit Duck over the head with an oar, his partner says. Duck's in a bad way, Capt'n. I said you'd call Doctor Bell."

The nearest physician lived in the mainland village of Cabbage Point, eighteen miles across the water. Between the coast guard station and the mainland shore, along the bottom of the lake, there stretched the government submarine cable.

"Sure, I'll call Doc Bell," Captain Weeks agreed, "but

I got to warn him o' storm. The bottom's falling out of the barometer. It's beginning to roll up a bit already out there. There's weather making, and maybe he'll not come."

But he did come. On the Michigan coast the village doctors always come when they are needed, be it wind or water or ice that threatens. With his son George, who was seventeen, at the wheel, he sailed out of Cabbage Point in the lad's gasoline boat, pointed its bow northwest, and bucked weather.

Chris Anderson heard the story at daylight from the coast guardsman on patrol, who stopped to tell the news, and Ann, who had furrowed her brow half the night wondering what could have occurred on Red Shoal Island, listened amazedly in the door of her father's bedroom.

She hurried to Sue, who was alone in her room.

"There's something on the wind!" Ann reported, using an old favorite of her father's expressions. "There've been fishermen pestering Providence, Sue! They say they were hurt in our harbor here . . ."

"Does Captain Weeks believe them?" Sue asked.

"I think he does."

"I'm glad there's someone he believes!" Sue exclaimed hotly. "Glad he believes there's somebody left on earth who can tell the truth."

"As if any truth ever found its way into Duck Ludlow's mouth!" Ann answered. "Or Harpoon Bales' either. I've known them . . . oh, these ten years, since I was old enough to know anyone. And all that time they've been a thieving, rascal couple, and never up to any good that anyone heard of. Why, Bales stole nets from half the fishermen on the coast, and the things that Duck Ludlow's done I wouldn't insult my tongue to tell you!"

Susan Lafitte bent over toward the window. On the concrete runway in front of the coast guard lifeboat house she could see Captain Weeks, who claimed the name Lafitte was a rascally one, stalking excitedly, keeping an eye constantly upon the horizon. The wind caught at his breeches, fluttered the cloth, whipped back the tail of his jacket. He stopped now and again, to jam a pair of long-range binoculars to his eyes, and search through their magnifying glasses. At last he halted, having made out a point of dark color against the immense gray of the lake and sky, and seemed to hold his breath while he watched. Then he turned quickly to the coast guard station, and went indoors.

"He's seen the doctor's boat," Ann predicted, "and has gone to tell the others. Harpoon Bales has concussion of the brain, they think. He's talking with fever somewhat. Everyone was asking him about how it happened, and Cap-

(Continued on page 42)



"I'll see that the light burns in the tower at sun-down and I'll keep up steam under the fog signal"



Evelyn Pape

Brave Girls Who Played the Game

When you work with your team in basket-ball or tennis, have you ever thought what team work in the face of danger would be? Would you still play the game?



Louise Pape

By LEONORA DE LIMA ANDREWS

GIRLS don't know what team work means!" How many of us have heard this taunt from small brothers, and secretly wondered what we would do if we were put to a test more vital than winning the interclass basketball series! Suppose there were some real danger that as a group we might overcome, but which was too great for any of us to do alone. . . . Could we act as a unit?

The girls of the Hemet Girl Scout troop in the San Jacinto Valley may have wondered about this, as they must have wondered about a great many other things in their fireside pow-wows. But doubtless when they started out for their annual vacation at Oceanside, thoughts of this sort were far from their minds. The important things were the water sports and games by the seaside, for these girls had all come from a desert valley, where water was a luxury that had to be guarded carefully. Imagine two weeks of camping on the sands before which stretched water, water, as far as eye could reach! The girls pitched their tents, and camp routine began, happily.

One noon-time, just as they were preparing their dinner they heard a sharp cry from far out beyond the breakers. Two of the girls ran up a little rocky jutting to look out. A man and woman were being tossed back and forth in the terrific current. The woman seemed to be sinking, and the man holding her up. Now one head would be above the water, now the other. They were floundering desperately, signalling for aid.

"We've got to save them," the girls gasped. But none of them was a good swimmer. To venture out would mean to throw their own lives away.

Someone suggested calling the life-guard. But it was noon hour, and he was off duty. Still something must be done, and done quickly.

Just then one of the girls spied some lengths of rope that had been tied around their tents and rolls

of bedding. In less time than it takes to tell, she had called the other girls over to help her, and they were tying the lengths of rope together with strong knots to make a sturdy life-line. They ran to the water front, and were about to wade in the water to throw this out to the strugglers, when a young man ran up, and offered to do this for them. They realized that he could throw further, and did not hesitate to let him help. They knew that the true meaning of team work was to let the most capable person do each bit of work.

The long knotted rope flew in circles through the air. The woman in the water caught it, and fitted the bow-line about her waist. The girls dragged her to the shore, unconscious, but alive. Again the life-line flew through the air, and the man was pulled through the surf.

Meantime the girls had grasped the arms of the unconscious woman, and through artificial respiration had brought her back to consciousness. A small crowd gathered and offered suggestions, but quietly and efficiently this group of girls went about applying their Girl Scout lore, and meeting the emergency successfully.

Sometimes the presence of an audience acts as a stimulus, but oftenest deeds of bravery must be unwitnessed. Only the charred kindlings of a once pleasant home in Ossining, New York, tell of the splendid heroism of two girls one snowy February night, last winter.

Evelyn and Louise Pape were quietly sleeping in their room on the second floor of their home. The air became heavy, and suddenly they awoke to the realization that the house was on fire. The heavy clouds of smoke were suffocating.

The floor was hot against their bare feet, as they ran downstairs to warn their mother and father and baby sister of the danger. Flames licked through each doorway, and before they had reached their parents, the entire house was on fire. (Cont. on page 44)



Although the Hemet Girl Scout Troop of the San Jacinto Valley were not expert swimmers, they knew the true meaning of team work and how to play the game together when lives were in danger

The Garden Camp and Bernice

AT a camp we had last year I came upon such a cunning idea that has stayed with me ever since.

A funny camp it was too, and lovely. In a lady's garden! It was a great, big, old-fashioned garden, on the edge of a village, so that it ran off on two or three sides into meadows and orchards and woods. There was a quaint empty old house in the middle of it, with broad, vine-shaded porches, and big fireplaces.

There had not been much care taken of the garden for years, just enough to keep the best and biggest plants from dying. But it was all very beautiful,—"A beautiful modern wilderness overlaying a formal garden of a century ago," Miss Goodrich said, and that just expressed it. One felt one would stumble over the slumbering gardeners and courtiers and king and queen and the sleeping princess.

And the very nice lady who owned it, but lived in another house which was also hers a half-mile away, thought of having us come to camp out in the garden!

"Just fix your camp anywhere about in it you like," she had said. "Personally I believe I should put my dining-room in the grape arbor and my kitchen under those old apple trees just beyond, and scatter my bedrooms about in the rose gardens, but you may arrange it anyway you like. We are just careful not to break down any of the old plants."

She gave the keys of the house to our captain, and told us to move indoors if it rained, and then she waved her hand and some smiles to us and went away.

And there we were, and that was the camp. And we certainly had a unique time in it, and it led to wonderful things.

But what I thought of when I started to write, hadn't really anything to do with the camp, although it started there as far as I was concerned. It was just Bernice Woodson's theories,

An old-fashioned garden to camp in, with pebbled paths and roses running wild—and of the secrets Bernice learned there

By LOU HENRY HOOVER

Illustrations by Edna E. Potter

which she did not think were funny or unusual at all.

After lunch the first day, four or five of us were standing on the sunny side of the house, having settled our quarters, while the other patrols were still pottering over theirs. There was a perfectly enormous marguerite bush beside us—none of us could anywhere nearly reach the top—and it was completely covered with

grayish dead blossoms. Now it was just a gray-brown mass with a few straggly blossoms and a few green leaves pushing their way through, but it must have been once a veil of white and gold a month before.

Bernice began snipping off a few of the dead flowers. Then she turned to it energetically, and exclaimed to the rest of us, "Come on, girls! Let's see if we can't get all the dead marguerites pulled off before the other patrols finish their work." We all took hold with a will—and our knives, for we shortly found that the tough stems cut our fingers.

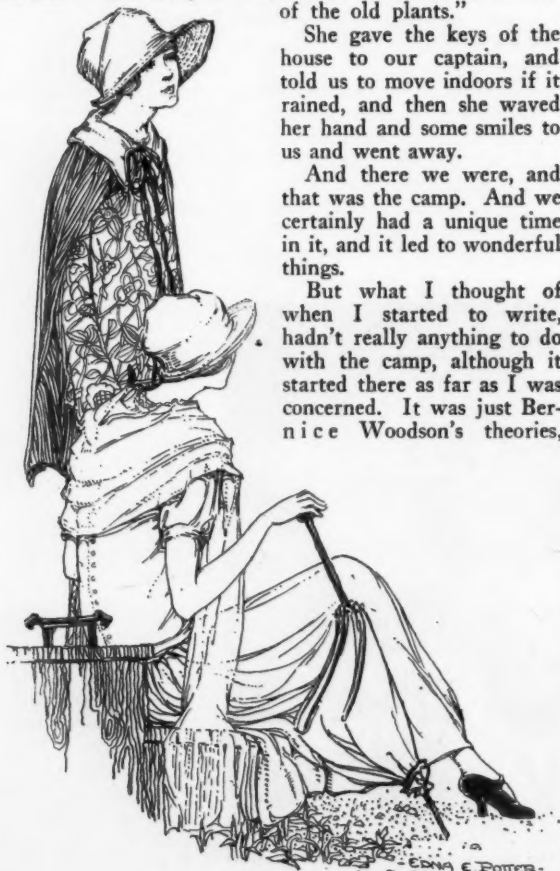
"Just cut them down to where their own stems leave the plant stalk," warned Bernice. "Don't pull off any of the green part with them. Do you see how full of green leaves and buds it is underneath? Why we'll have a whole new set of bloom before we leave camp!"

It took ten or fifteen minutes' hard work for the lot of us to get that marguerite bush clipped off. We had lots of fun doing it. We began by counting them, to see who would get a hundred first, and then who would get the most in two minutes by Marie's wristwatch. Then we made up games with them. One was for each girl secretly to name someone for the girl next her on the left. It was usually a girl from one of the other patrols, or sometimes one of us,—and even occasionally some boy at school whom we all knew. Then each one, as she broke off a dead daisy, said to herself, "She loves me," and for the next one, "She loves me not," just as though she were picking petals off a real daisy. When Marie said "Stop," at the end of a minute, each girl in turn had to say out loud, "She loves me" or "She loves me not," according to her last flower and her right-hand neighbor would retort with the name of the person she had chosen for her. And it didn't matter who the person was, or whether it was "loves me" or "loves me not," the verdict was hailed with a gale of laughter. Another game was for two minutes and to count the dropping flowers, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

Joan improved upon it by saying, "jazz boy, aviator, bandit, sheik," but Marnie told her she could have the lot as she (Marnie) chimed in with, "Rhodes scholar, Boy Scout, Football Captain, Greek," and Marie laughed, "Oh, do be original. I'm going to have Phi Beta, Cow boy, High School Teacher, Freak."

And so it was done before we realized we had been working at all. Once in the midst Marnie stepped back and took a look at the whole thing, and then shouted with amusement, "Why, it looks just like a half-sheared sheep—a very dusty one, with a green skin and a naturally green coat!" But when it was finished it looked like an enormous green snowball.

We were still regarding it with fond pride when the other girls began dribbling up and joined us, and gave our accomplishment due admiration and praise.



"I say! Let's attack the geraniums," suggested Bertha Constance, suiting the action to the word, and they all descended upon the geraniums like a flock of crows on a newly planted cornfield. Only you could not rightly say "Descended" except for the lower quarter, for the geraniums were as tall as the girls, who could not reach up to the highest flowers in the middle. They must have bloomed profusely at the same time the marguerite did, for they were now thickly spotted with great sticky globs of a most unpleasant shade of dark magenta, dried to a crisp brown in places. There were about a dozen small clusters of scarlet blossoms in the whole place, showing what they had been. The geraniums too, were found to have thousands of tiny little sickly buds down underneath the leaves and dead flowers. Bernice just purred over these.

"Oh, the poor little starved things," she kept murmuring, "the poor little things. They're just smothered. Most of them would never have had a chance to come out at all if we hadn't come to camp with them. Isn't it queer they won't come on out if there are a lot of old blossoms all over the plant? It just seems to smother them," and she went to work picking geraniums as hard as she had the marguerites. The geranium pickers were glad to have her help, for it was such an endless prospect, forty or fifty feet of bush anyway—all along one ell of the house. But the rest of us sat on the curbing of the opposite side of the path, holding our knees with our arms and chaffing them or discussing serious affairs of our own—all but Bernice.

"I say you all are lazy," finally taunted Bertha, "just sitting there doing nothing."

"Hmmm," replied Marie, "only look at our perfect marguerite. We have done our stunt. And anyway, we are the Marguerite Patrol! *You* are the Geraniums!"

"What a ripping idea!" exclaimed Grace Babcock, who loved to read Kipling and was always using his vocabulary. "Let's be the Red Geranium Patrol. So 'live and snappy!'"

"Oh, let's!" chorused her seven.

"There, that's my last geranium," cried Lucy Laurence, whirling around with a great, ugly purple-reddy brown ball on the end of a long brown stem, "and I'm not sorry," she added. "I must say I don't like the color when they are dead. Come on, patrol one, what are we going to be? Shall we make for the rose garden?"

Four or five girls dropped their geraniums where they stood, and said, "Oh, yes, let's! Let's be the Rose Patrol," and off they scuttled.

It was funny that we had not taken on patrol names all that morning. Different times we had thought of it, and chipmunk and acorn and various things had been suggested, but were rather meaningless, and no one had had a real inspiration or given the matter serious thought. So here we were, appropriately named without effort. The Red Geraniums, it must be confessed, groaned as they stood by themselves and looked at their unfinished task. But they certainly could be cheerful at what had been accomplished. The difference was astonishing between the nice, clean, green plants and those covered with great clusters of dead flowers. However, they bent to their task quite alone now, except for busy Bernice, for the other strays gathered back on the path perplexedly discussing what they should name their patrol.

"Oh dear, why aren't there any pansies about," wailed little Jean. "I do love pansies so, and it is so necessary to pick off the dead ones. It makes them too, bloom better if you pick the full-grown ones before they die," she added longingly. "Why do you suppose there are no pansies?"

"Because they have to be planted each year from seed, goose," answered Bernice. "Since there has been no one taking care of this place for so long, there are only the perennials and shrubs left."

"Oh, I am not doing this just for me. I am doing it to make the poor crippled rose vine comfortable"



"Perennials," murmured Gladys Smith, "where do you get that stuff anyway, Bernice? Are you still taking spelling lessons or do you really know it?" But Gladys kept on shedding dead geraniums.

"Well," suggested Bertha, "if Jean wants pansies she might take violets instead. I noticed an enormous violet bed on the other side of the house. Violets must be the perennial member of that family."

"Oh, did you!" gasped Jean, as she started on a run. "I adore violets, too."

"All right," echoed another member of their patrol, "let's be the Violet Patrol and go pick dead violets," and half a dozen of them went running after Jean.

"Aren't they the funniest kids," laughed Gladys. "But what are you chuckling over, Bernice? Out with it."

Bernice continued her chuckling. "Oh, I was just wondering if they didn't know that the violet was amongst the flowers that bloom in the spring, *tra la*," she hummed, "and not in the summer month of July!"

By this time we really were beginning to feel a bit lazy and restless, the Red Geraniums were making the dead bunches fall so rhythmically.

"I move we hunt for more marguerites to preserve our reputation if not the garden," announced Marnie finally. "Come on, Bernice, help the doughty pioneers search for the longed-for treasure. Lead the marauding party to further hidden treasure of silver and gold under the dust of dead marguerites."

We pulled ourselves to our feet, bade the busy Geraniums farewell, and started after Bernice who left her geraniums happily, looking for further fields to conquer. And queerly enough, she led us straight to another great marguerite bush at the other end of the stretch of geraniums.

"Had you seen it before?" we gasped.

"No," she giggled, "but I just knew it would be here."

"Well, to quote Gladys," said Marnie, "how do you get this stuff anyway, kid? You live in the same town we do, in a house just like the rest of ours, and your garden isn't very much more than ours. So where and when do you get this way?"

Bernice only smiled as she snipped brittle stems.

"I know most of the flowers around here, too," said Marnie, "and I know you don't get bunches of violets in

(Continued on page 34)



Becky's Wolf Comes Back

News of her brother, but is it trustworthy? Can Becky rely on the word of the wolf-man, De Quindre?

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Illustrations by William Fisher

the same softnesses that were in Becky's. There was, perhaps, something girlish as well as childish about him. He had a shrewd way with him though, as, for instance, when he answered Simon Kenton:

"Why do yer think ye're teasin' me when yer say I'm like Becky?"

"Wal! Don't it rile yer to hear me tell yer that yer like a gal? Eh?"

"Yer didn't! Yer said I'm like Becky. Becky ain't like a gal. I've heered yer say that yerself!" Then, to prove it, he added: "If I was like a gal, Captain Clark wouldn't take me ter beat the drum fer him all the way to Vincennes. An' he's goin' ter. He said so."

Tom's proud boasts about going as drummer boy with George Rogers Clark to Vincennes always sent pangs through Becky's heart. Clark had already made his raid on Kaskaskia; and, in spite of all her scheming, she had not been able to go. Worse yet, he had found no trace there of her brother Rodney. Becky had felt so sure, somehow, that Rod was a prisoner in Kaskaskia. De Quindre had promised her to search for her brother and to send her word. She had heard nothing from him, until a week ago, when he had brought his red army down on Boonesborough. So much for the wolf she had trapped and set free that winter day near Maybrook! It was enough to make all hope and all faith vanish, but Becky's persisted. De Quindre, wolfish fiend as he was, had once made her believe in his word of honor. She still believed in it. She believed that he *would* let her know if he found Rod. That was why she did not answer when Jemmy Boone exclaimed:

"Oh! If they could only kill De Quindre! That would be worth more than killing fifty Indians. Don't you *wish* they could?"

Becky wished they could capture De Quindre, not kill him. Then she would make him take her safely through the forts and Indian towns of the Illinois country until she found Rodney. Mother would simply die of grief if she did not get some hopeful word of Rod soon. But it was no more possible to capture De Quindre than to kill him, apparently. This was the eighth day of the siege, and he and his yelling warriors, their faces hideously streaked with the black war-paint, still surrounded Boonesborough.

"What's that?" Jemmy said suddenly. They listened.

"One of the Frenchmen is calling something to our men!" Becky ran down to the spot where Boone stood, with Calloway and Kenton beside him.

"I wouldn't listen to that scoundrel," Calloway counselled, "but I'll go with you, if you go."

"It's a trick, you can bet!" Kenton declared.

"What is it?" Becky and Jemmy both asked, breathlessly.

"That French devil out there says as how this fightin's a bad thing an' ain't gettin' us nowheres. An' he wants

DAWN filtering through the shadows of Boonesborough showed men's faces haggard and their eyes bloodshot from sleeplessness and the constant watch, and women and children pale and silent, with tense lips. For seven days, under Daniel Boone's command, these men had defended the fort with rifles and a wooden cannon made by Flanders Calloway against some four hundred savages officered by eleven Frenchmen and led by Captain Dagniaux de Quindre. For seven days these women and children had seen wounds and death, and heard the blood-curdling war-whoop—that fiendish wolf-like howl which must have been learned, surely, in the beginning, from the four-footed wolves themselves, for there is no note in it that is human. Even the children had helped in the defence. It had been the task of the boys and girls, captained by Becky Landers, to keep the roofs wet, so that the torches flung in by the Indians would not set the cabins or the fort afire. This was as dangerous work as any, and Becky had been constantly exposed to peril, even in the dark of night, when she climbed up and took the buckets passed up to her. She had able lieutenants in Jemima Boone, Bess Calloway, and Tom Pin. Tom was a small, wiry lad of about sixteen, whose mind had not grown with his years. Tom was about eight years old in intelligence. He knew very little but he was brave; and he served to keep up the spirits of the besieged because he could play remarkably on wooden whistles which he made for himself, and could beat out a war-chant quite as fierce as the Ohio war-whoop from the deer-hide drum which he had manufactured.

He adored Becky and obeyed her in everything. He did not resent it even when some of the men said that he looked as much like a girl as Becky Landers did. It was true that, in height and build, they were quite similar, especially whenever Becky discarded her skirt, as she had done now, and wore clothes identical with his. Tom's face, too, had

us men ter come aout an' talk things over with him an' the Injuns an' make terms. He wants Dan'l and Flanders special."

"Oh, Daddy, don't!" Jemmy threw her arms around Daniel's neck.

"I say the redskins'll rush in here the minute the gate's opened," said Calloway.

Daniel shouted to De Quindre:

"Yer want the gate opened so yer can rush in an toma-hawk us an' our women an' children!"

"No. We will not rush in. I give you my word of honor," the answer came back.

"If he gives you his word of honor, I'd believe him. He doesn't mean to rush in," Becky said. "But he could have some other trick in his mind to get the fort and all of us. Because, of course, that's what he means to do."

"Don't go out thar, Dan'l," Kenton warned. "Becky's talkin' sense. An' so is Flanders, not to mention me."

Daniel brushed his hand across his strained and reddened eyes. "Yer know how things stand with us," he said. "We can't hold out forever; not fer many more days. Some of us is played out now. An' there's dead men here we ain't had time to bury. An' wounded men we can't tend ter. If we kin git peace—"

"Thar's a trick in it," Kenton repeated.

"I'm willin' ter take the chance," Boone said.

"I'll take it with you, but I ain't willin'," said Calloway drily.

The parley continued for some minutes. Then, in spite of continued vigorous opposition from Flanders, Calloway, and Simon Kenton, Boone agreed to the enemy's proposals. He and eight of the men would go out and talk matters over with De Quindre and his redskins.

"They'll never let yer come back," Kenton objected.

"Make him promise on his word of honor to let you come back," Becky urged. Pressure was brought to bear by others, too. The defenders of Boonesborough wanted

De Quindre to commit himself thoroughly. So Boone made the demand. De Quindre laughed.

"Gentlemen, why do you take me for a rogue?" he protested. "I am an honest soldier, like yourselves. I make my proposal for a peace talk for the sake of well-doing and humanity. I myself come near to make you hear me. I stand within rifle shot; even within a few yards of your guns. How can you suspect me of villainy?"

"I'm satisfied the chance is worth takin'," Boone said. Followed by Calloway and the other men, who had also agreed, however doubtfully, to take the risk, Daniel strode out at the gate. Kenton got up beside Calloway's homemade cannon and ordered sharpshooters to post themselves along the wall. Becky's heart was throbbing with real terror now.

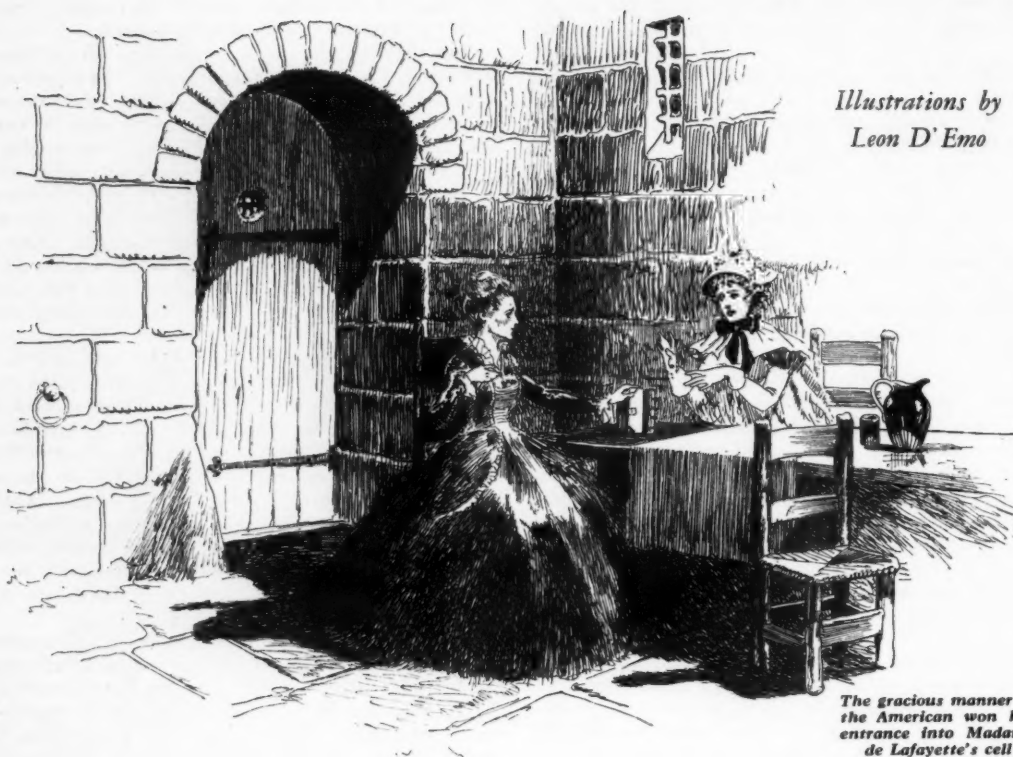
"He *didn't* give his word of honor!" she said to herself. "He just talked all around it so that it sounded the same. But it wasn't! It wasn't!" She climbed up beside Kenton so that she could see what went on. The Indians were grouped at some distance; but De Quindre and the other Frenchmen stood quite near. He looked up, as once before out of the bear pit, into Becky Landers' white face; and his greenish gray eyes glittered. He smiled and swept the ground with his cap. But he said nothing to indicate that he and she had ever met before. Evidently he guessed that she had not told how she had trapped him and then let him go!

De Quindre gave his hand to Boone. The other men shook hands. A few compliments passed between them. De Quindre began to say that the British only asked of the Kentuckians that they give no more assistance to the American rebels. By this time Chief Black Fish, who had once captured Boone and had adopted him as his son, came up with several Indians and joined in the handshaking. The Indians said that because they were so many and the Boonesborough men so few, two Indians must

(Continued on page 37)



De Quindre led his four hundred yelling warriors, their faces hideously streaked with war-paint, down on Boonesborough



Illustrations by
Leon D'Emo

The gracious manner of
the American won her
entrance into Madame
de Lafayette's cell

The Land of the Seven Kingdoms

The true story of how the beautiful Eliza Kortright, at sixteen, met the young man who was to take her to be Mistress of the White House

SHE stood by a wind-swept window unmindful of the blustering January day, her dark eyes bright with interest and pleasure as she watched a parade come up the street. It was a gala morning in old New York, for the capital of the young, free United States of America had just been moved there from Philadelphia, and the people were celebrating the opening of Congress.

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

It seemed a glorious time to Eliza Kortright, for in all her life she had not known another so full of joyful excitement and promise. There had been exciting times during the Revolution, to be sure, when word came of gains by the Colonial Army, and the people began to see freedom ahead; and there had been that blessed morning two years before when the British evacuated New York and marched away in defeat, ending a war that had been waged for seven long years. But even those days that teemed with thoughts of victory were not wholly joyful, for always there was the remembrance of what victory had cost, the men gone to the battlefield who had not returned, or who would return wrecks of humanity. But with the capital established at the mouth of the Hudson, no cloud marred the sky. Her New York, her home town would grow and flourish. Besides, she had heard that there were brilliant young men in Congress, and are not young men necessary to the success of parties and balls?

Steadily toward her the procession came, moving up the street from Bowling Green, an open space at the foot of Broadway that was the market place during the period

when New York was New Amsterdam, and the seat of many a bonfire and patriotic demonstration of Revolutionary times. Frolicsome boys tooted on horns and singing *Yankee Doodle* led the van, and behind them, beneath fluttering flags and banners, a line of soldiers who by their valor had helped to gain freedom for the colonies. Last of all, riding in carriages, came those to whom the hopes of the people were pinned, members of Congress—those whose duty and privilege it was to formulate measures for the well-being of the young republic.

Eliza looked in admiration at the slow-moving line of vehicles and the occupants gazing from them upon the throng that lined the street. It pleased her especially to see how many really young legislators there were, men who looked to be hardly well into the twenties. Indeed, New York would be gay that winter with all these young men in town, and in her mind she went over the list of social events she knew were planned to follow the opening of the session: the dinners, receptions, and balls. Girls were in society early in those days, for they married early, most of them being well settled in life before they were twenty. Not taking a husband before that time meant being considered an old maid, and parents thought it a misfortune for their daughters to be old maids. Of course, in a time of such standards, girls wanted to marry early. Sixteen-year-old Eliza was like the others. One thing, however, she had determined upon. She would not marry until the right man came, even if she never had a husband.

"What a fine looking lot these lawmakers are!" she exclaimed to her brother Robert, who just at that moment joined her at the window. "And so many young ones! I've counted half a dozen who look not a day over twenty-one, and again that many who seem very little older."

She stopped suddenly as she said that and gave a startled exclamation. And as she leaned forward and looked at the parade Robert saw astonishment stamped upon her face.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked, using the nickname by which his sister's friends called her. "Do you see a ghost?"

She turned and smiled at him, shaking her head.

"Ghost!" she repeated. "No, look there!"

Then, beckoning toward a carriage, she added, "There's the young man I met on Bowling Green in such a funny way a week ago."

"That you met on Bowling Green?" Robert questioned. "You did not tell me about that."

Then Eliza remembered that her brother had returned only that morning from a fortnight's visit in Boston, and of course did not know all that had happened during the time he was gone.

"It was the evening father brought home the silk for my dress for the Congressional Ball," she said laughing. "I hurried over to Aunt Lucia Kennedy's to show her how pretty it was, and took the short cut across the Green, because I wanted to get home and begin sewing. The ice was like a sheet of glass along the path, and in watching that I did not slip I got close to a thorn bush. My hoop skirt caught and jerked me up so suddenly that the package shot out of my hands and went rolling down the knoll that slopes to the creek. I thought it would surely land in the water."

"But it did not," she added merrily. "That very minute a nice looking young man came along and caught the bundle just in time. Then he helped me free my skirt from the thorns and said something about rescuing a princess."

Robert grinned broadly. "And after that I suppose the princess thanked the knight in her most gracious fashion and invited him to her castle as due and proper recompense."

"What a brilliant young man you are, to guess half right!" was the quick rejoinder.

"Of course I thanked him and told him I wouldn't have had that roll get wet for a pocket full of gold pieces, because it held the silk that was to be my dress for the Congressional Ball. I knew he would understand by that that I belong to one of the first families."

"Princesses usually do," Robert returned in the teasing manner of brothers, which was very much the same a hundred and forty years ago as it is today. "And then very likely he gave an account of his lineage and the wide realm over which he holds sway in the Land of the Seven Kingdoms. I believe that is where princes come from, according to your poets."

He said "Your poets" because Eliza was very fond of poetry and spent a great deal of time reading it. The taunt about the Land of the Seven Kingdoms alluded to an old ballad she liked especially well that recounted the adventures of a prince and princess in a realm of true happiness. She had remarked one day that she meant never to marry unless she felt sure that she could be as happy with her husband as the princess of the poem was, and Robert had not forgotten it.

"He said nothing of the kind, you big torment!" Eliza retorted. "He told me his name

is Monroe, and that he had just come from Virginia to attend to some business in New York. I supposed he was here to sell a crop, or buy provisions, or something, but now it turns out that he is to help make our laws. I wonder why he did not tell me that?"

It was a question Robert could not answer, and as the last carriage went by then and there was nothing more to see he turned from the window to get at some work he wanted to finish before noon. Eliza, too, hurried away to her room, for she also had work to do. The last finishing touches were yet to be added to the dress she was to wear to the ball that night, upon which she had been sewing for almost a week, for in 1785 there were no shops in America at which delightfully fashioned, ready-made frocks could be obtained. Seamstresses who worked for pay, had hardly been heard of, so even daughters of the rich planned and made their own clothes.

Eliza's father was not rich, but he was well-to-do. A captain in the British Army, he had come over with the troops sent by King George during Stamp Act times to patrol the colonies. But once among the Americans he grew to be so much in sympathy with their cause that he cast his lot with them and became a citizen of New York. There his one son and his four daughters had grown up. Already the three older girls had married prominent and wealthy men, one of them being the wife of the Grand Chamberlain to the King of Denmark. Now, at a little past sixteen, Eliza, the youngest, and in the opinion of many, the most beautiful of the four, was a much admired belle. No girl in New York was more courted than "Pretty Polly Kortright," as she was known everywhere, and it is not strange that she sat down with eager anticipation beside the dress she was to wear to what every one declared would be as splendid a social event as any in all the history of America.

It was a beautiful dress, of shimmering ivory silk sprigged with bright pink roses. Edging the low, round neck, was a festoon of lace caught up by satin roses that Eliza's own deft fingers had made through hours of painstakingly plying her needle. She smiled as she pictured herself arrayed in the colorful, shimmering mass, with pink kid slippers peeping out from beneath the wide, frilled skirt and a



"A handsome young man helped me free my skirt from the thorns and said something about rescuing a princess"

gold chain set with garnet, sparkling at her neck. She was not a vain girl, but she loved beauty, and wanted to look attractive. And as she sewed upon the folds she hoped that when people saw her that night, they would think she had succeeded.

Somehow she could not forget the young man she had met on the Green the week before, and the droll picture she must have made when he first saw her, lunging forward as if to go headlong on the ground, yet held by the thorn bush, with the package rolling ahead of her. What a pleasant voice he had, and in what a whole-hearted way he had gone to her rescue! When they met at the ball that evening, they would have a good laugh over the affair. And then she would ask him why he did not tell her he was a Congressman.

Time seems to go on wings when one is busy and contented. Before Eliza realized that it could be so late, her mother called that dinner was ready. Then, in the afternoon, Mrs. Kortright came to lend a hand in giving last minute touches to the frock, and they sewed and talked together in the pretty bedroom hung with chintzes that were flower-sprigged like the dress. At four o'clock the last frill was completed, the last tiny stitch in place, and Eliza spread the finished dress on the bed with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It's beautiful, dear," her mother remarked as she viewed the shining heap. "You'll be as lovely as a fairy in it."

Eliza's nerves tingled happily, for she had had an indefinable feeling that tonight would be the most truly golden time she had ever known. If a prophet with power to foretell the future had come that way, he would have agreed with her. He would have said that never had a gladder heart beat in a girl's breast than hers would be a few hours later. But no prophet was there to say. Yet without knowing why, she felt as if some beautiful, unexpressed wish was about to be realized.

At seven o'clock she was dressed and ready. Robert tapped on her door then and poked in his head in answer to her cheery, "Come."

"The Princess arrayed to meet the Prince of the Seven Kingdoms!" he spoke teasingly at sight of her. Then, undisguised admiration in his tones as he looked at her glowing face and shining dark hair above the billowy mass of pink and white, upon which fell the sheen of garnets from the chain about her neck, he exclaimed, "You are very lovely tonight, sister mine."

Eliza knew that Robert was no exception to the rule

of brothers. He never paid compliments without good reason. Therefore his words meant a great deal to her.

"It is nice of you to say that," she answered with a grateful smile. And at the same time she thought, "I hope others will think so, too."

They went together into the street and toward a spacious and elegant building that stood at the corner of Battery and Broadway. Once it had been the handsomest private residence in old New York, being built for his home by Robert Kennedy, Collector of the Port. But for a long time now it had been a hotel, and because of events occurring within its walls, was one of the most noted buildings in America. It had served as the headquarters of General Putnam previous to the Battle of Long Island. During the British occupation of New York, Lord Howe, Lord Cornwallis, and Sir Henry Clinton had each been housed there. There Benedict Arnold conspired to betray his country, and from its windows Washington viewed the departure of the British troops at the close of the war. All in all, it had been the seat of almost every social and political event in town since long before the beginning of the Revolution. Its windows gleamed with light as the two neared it, and beyond the shining panes they could see people moving back and forth, merry-makers already gathered to be in time for the opening of the ball.

Robert Livingston, America's first Secretary of Foreign Affairs, saw Eliza come in with her brother, and smiled as she waved to him.

"Polly dear," he called, hurrying forward to greet her. "You and Bob get into this group I am forming for the Grand March. I want all the young people to be in line."

They moved to do as he suggested, but a voice close by exclaimed, "Indeed not, Robert Livingston. You and Bob find some other pretty partner for him. There is a young man here I want to have meet Polly."

It was Mrs. Livingston who spoke, a famous beauty and society leader, and a very close friend of the Kortright family. She caught Eliza by the arm, and at the same time tapped the shoulder of a gentleman who stood talking in a group behind them, saying, "I want to introduce one of our young Congressmen, Mr. James Monroe, of Virginia."

Eliza's eyes were like big round saucers as he turned and looked at her.

"Why, we have met before!" she exclaimed.

(Continued on page 52)



The Superb American

So they called Eliza Kortright Monroe, and this picture tells how well she deserved the title. Certainly no mistress of the White House has been more beautiful than this vivacious girl, whose charming manners won freedom in France for one of the first friends of American liberty, and for herself entrance into the "Land of the Seven Kingdoms."



When You Go Canoeing

Moonlight and music and lazily afloat—the hazardous rapids of a mountain stream—these are for the canoer, but only when she is a skillful pilot

By ELEANOR DEMING

DID you know Jane was going on a two weeks' canoe trip in the Adirondacks this summer with her big brother? I do hope when I am seventeen I can do things like that!" It was one of the younger girls in our camp who was thus expressing the hope of every camper whose experience has been in a region of lakes and streams. And there is no place better than camp for you to prepare for such trips—real canoe adventures.

First of all, work hard on your swimming—when you feel quite comfortable in deep water, practise until you can crawl into a canoe out above your depth without taking in much water over the sides. It's not half so hard as it sounds and once you know you can get in, you'll find it fun to fall out head first, nolding onto your paddle until you return to the boat and place it on the bottom, under the thwarts but out of your way. The next stunt really looks hard. Get upon the gunwales of the canoe, first with a paddle to help you and then without, and jump down again without upsetting.

Another good thing to try out is to see how many of you can be supported in the water by even a submerged canoe. It will never sink and if you rest your hands lightly on it, or, better still, if you hold hands across it, it will support you as long as you like.

Perhaps you are wondering what such stunts have to do with a canoe trip. Just this: when you can do these things you have learned how steady or how cranky that particular canoe is and you have acquired a sense of balance that will make you know what is safe and what risky in rough weather or streams. If you are not afraid of falling out you are most unlikely to do so!

Now you are eager to



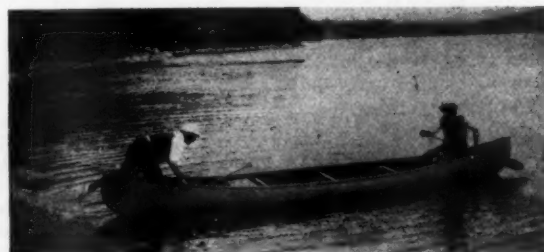
It takes four girls to lift a canoe, but two girls can turn it right side up, before launching, being careful not to bump it on the rocks of the beach



Four girls should carry it to the water, the front two passing it through their hands into the water, the rear two moving forward with the boat



Stern should go in first, as she then has control of the boat. Bow holds the canoe while stern gets in and vice versa



When stern is in position, with her paddle out for use, bow puts one foot into the boat and pushes off with the other

learn to paddle well. In selecting a paddle with which to learn, choose a light one—later when you are paddling a heavy load or in strong wind or current, you may want a heavier, stronger paddle, but for general use it is unwise to tire your muscles by the weight. A good rule is to have the paddle, when stood in front of you, reach somewhere between your chin and your nose, for bow, and not higher than the top of your head, preferably shorter, for stern.

An excellent scheme is to practise a bit on shore or dock in order to get the hang of how to swing the paddle. Place the palm of your upper hand squarely against the grip of the paddle with your fingers curling over the top. Let the lower hand encircle the shaft just above the throat. Or if you prefer, let your thumb rest on the side with your fingers. Your lower arm acts as guide or fulcrum and supplies practically no motor power. It is the big body muscles that supply the force and this is driven through the upper arm.

Having grasped your paddle correctly, let both arms hang straight down. This puts the paddle into the position known as "rest paddles" and your muscles should be relaxed or resting. Now, keeping your arms straight, but not stiff, swing your paddle blade forward as far as you can and hold it at "attention," just ready to plunge into the water. Next push forward and down against the grip with your upper hand until the blade is beside your body. At this point let your upper hand drop down parallel and then lower, regaining your "rest paddles" position for an instant, but continue the swing so that the blade moves forward to "attention." Practise this on both sides until it goes easily and smoothly. Then if

(Continued on page 40)



Our heading this month was drawn by Elizabeth Whitney, of Jewell City, Kansas

THE Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book.

A "Batty" Scare

While looking for berries one day I came through a section of wooded land not cut down. As I passed one of the stumps, my skirt caught on the bark and tore it off. A queer whistling attracted my attention.

I just got one glance at the objects of my interest as they were on the log, though much more in the air. What I saw, were three very young and astonished little bats. They had been clinging to the log, probably waiting for the mother's return, though it seemed queer to me that she was out in the daytime. The tearing of the bark scared the little ones into mid-air and where they went, is a thing I do not know.

They were brown and furry and could not have been over two or three inches long with their wings spread. As yet I do not know who was more astonished—the young bats or myself.

SYLVIA D. BAKER,
Troop 1, Fort Myers, Fla.

A New Suit

One morning my father called to ask me if I had ever seen a locust change its shell. As I never had, I went out.

My father had found the locust on a bush near the house. He was half-way out of his old shell, which was brown and brittle. His new suit was lovely. It was silvery green with a little pink on each side of his head. My father said that Mr. Locust was too weak to fly yet so we put him on a rock and left him there to get strong.

GLADYS ADAMS,
Troop 3, Woburn, Mass.

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

A page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts

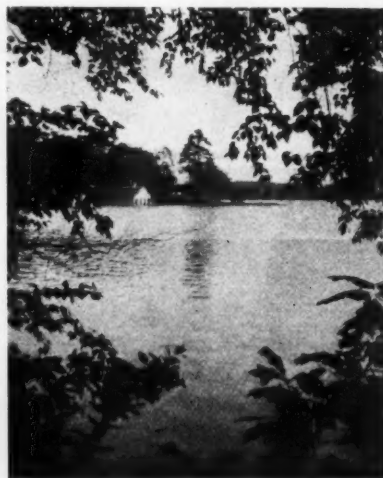
Indigo Bunting

A flash of azure against the sky,
A rippling, gushing song
Soaring toward Heaven's cloud-covered dome—
'Twas a psalm of beauty divine and reverent,
Now up, now down,
Singing at each little rise.

MARGARET IJAMS,
Tuckalee Chee Troop, Townsend, Tenn.

Thirsty Flickers

One Sunday afternoon, one of the hottest days of the summer, Uncle Tom, Mother, and I went out in the back yard to see if we could find some comfort in the shade of the trees. There did not seem to be a breath of air stirring anywhere, but suddenly we were disturbed by a loud commotion. Looking under the car, which stood in the driveway,



Josephine Burroughs, of Edwardsville, Ill., photographed this interesting, leaf-framed vista

we saw a whole flock of big birds, flying here and there with fluttering wings and open beaks. They seemed to be gasping for breath.

"Why, those birds are crying for water," Uncle Tom exclaimed, and I ran into the house to get some

water. Setting the pan down in the shade I had barely time to step back when six big flickers flew to the water and, standing on the edge, even standing in the water, they drank to their hearts' content. We were surprised that they would come up while we were so near.

I resolved then and there never again to let the birds suffer during hot days.

ELIZABETH BOWERS,
Troop 1, Pryor, Okla.

The Fish Nests

This may sound like a "fish" story, but it isn't. It is absolutely true.

One day at dinner, Beaver, our Camp Director, told us that there were some fish nests just beyond the mess tent. There was, as you can imagine, a stir of excitement among the girls, for few of us had ever seen any nests, except, maybe, in pictures. As soon after dinner as we could, we walked down past the mess tent and were looking intently into the water near the shore, for Beaver had said they were close in. Suddenly, as we were passing a half submerged log, one of the girls cried out, "Oh, I wonder if those are the fish nests!"

Looking quickly to where she pointed, we beheld something at least. On the sandy bottom, not far under the surface of the water, were about half a dozen circles about six inches in diameter. These circles were made of small stones and around each swam a small blue-brown fish also about six inches long. These fish seemed to be guarding their nests and the minute any alien fish came near, these fish would swim out and fight them off, then back to the nests they would go and swim as fast as they could, round and round, till you'd think they would get dizzy.

LOUISE ODALE,
Troop 3, Portland, Ore.

Let's Talk About Clothes

OF all the girls I know, it seems to me that Marjorie Martin has the best fun. Every time I see her she's either just been having or is just about to have a perfectly gorgeous time. Nothing tremendous, you know. No yachting cruises along the Maine coast or summers at Southampton, but a merry procession of jolly little visits to the seashore, or week-ends with school friends in the country or, some years, long summers at a delightful family camp in the Adirondacks.

Marjorie is the kind of girl who *would* have a good time almost anywhere. She's jolly and friendly and plays a good game of tennis and is handy with a mandolin or a picnic lunch. She's also rather pretty, I think, and she always looks so nice that it would be a pleasure to take her to lunch once in a while just to look at her, even if I didn't like to hear about the things she's doing.

The other day Marjorie went through New York on her way to visit her friend Mary Latham from Philadelphia, whose family has a place out on Long Island where they go in the summer. I met her at the Grand Central and we went to lunch at Mary Elizabeth's and then had an hour or so for shopping before her train left the Long Island station. I like to shop with Marjorie, because we're apt to think the same about clothes. And when I want a good opinion (that agrees with mine) on young-girl clothes, I take Marjorie to lunch.

This particular day she wanted to buy a bathing suit and we finally decided on one of the new boyish kind with striped flannel "shorts" and knit upper section, such as I've illustrated. She got the beach coat to match the "shorts" and she also bought, at my suggestion, a pair of the new beach clogs which are so handy for getting from the house or bathhouse to the water. These are made of gay painted wood with leather straps lacing over the foot.

Boyish bathrobes are quite the thing, and if you're the kind that looks well in them, you can get the darlinest ones of plaid or striped cotton crêpe, with bath slippers to match. Both fold up compactly and go into a small case of the same material. They are nice for the beach or for general wear, and are awfully cheap!

Knitted clothes, Marjorie and I agreed, are the swankiest sort of costume, and so snug and sportsmanlike for seashore or mountains. We liked a soft green jersey (a thin wool pull-over sweater with long sleeves and a snug neck line) which was shown with a soft beige skirt and one of the darling beige felt vagabond hats with floppy brim and band of green.

A rose jersey that we liked, too, had a knitted skirt to match it, and (we thought this an amusing style) there was a striped sweater in shades of tan, brown, and rose, to be worn over the costume. This is a new style from Paris, the wearing of two sweaters at the same time—the pull-

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor of the "Woman's Home Companion"

Illustration by Katharine Shane



Bathing costume from Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York, consisting of white knitted top section with "shorts" and beach robe of red and white flannel. The cap is white rubber and the beach clogs, red painted wood

over one underneath, and the open-down-the-front one outside.

Most of the sports dresses we liked best were two-piece and most of the skirts of these two-pieces had some pleats in them—some times more, sometimes less. Striped tub silk was used in a good many dresses, and then there were plain crêpes, figured Chinese damasks, rough-weave silks like rajah, and printed crêpe de chine, as well as wool jersey, kasha, and flannel.

The blazer seems to be back again. We saw some striped ones and some plain color ones in bright red, navy blue, or Copenhagen flannel, with bright brass buttons. These look awfully cute over a sports dress. And there are darling little velveteen tams to match them or, indeed, in any color you can imagine.

The best hat for the country, I think, is a small soft felt with floppy brim and contrasting grosgrain band. Often the girls wear a little bright feather stuck in the band at the side. Sports hats of collapsible visca straw are good-looking, too, in all colors. You can fold them up, to pack, and no permanent damage is done. Crocheted straw hats are stylish and well-ventilated for hot weather. And to go with fluffy dresses there are wide-brimmed hats of leghorn, milan or ballibuntl. Most of these, however, no matter how dressed up they want to look, just have a

simple ribbon band for trimming.

We looked at fluffy dresses and liked a pale rose one of crêpe Elizabeth, with short sleeves and a petaly skirt. But Marjorie said she had a new little printed silk in quaint small flowery pattern, and she thought she could make it do for the parties that she would be going to. She also was taking with her a lovely little French dress of pale yellow voile that she could use for dress-up, and her wide yellow dress-up hat matched both dresses. If she bought the rose dress, she said, it would mean another hat, and she didn't want to have that expense. Marjorie is really a good planner and awfully cute in the way she manages always to look smart and well dressed on a very small number of clothes.

She told me once that she always keeps to one color scheme—wearing apparel does overlap in seasons, and anyway Marjorie is blond, and has worked out by this time a color scheme that is her best possible. Really more variety is available this way than you might think, and Marjorie always says if a costume is right in every detail, it's never tiresome, even to yourself.

But this, perhaps, is enough of Marjorie and her clothes. I hope they'll give you an idea or two if you are off to the seashore or the country and don't know exactly what to take along or what to buy to fill in gaps in your wardrobe. Next month on this page we'll talk about clothes again, and I'll try to tell you as much as I know about what to wear to school.



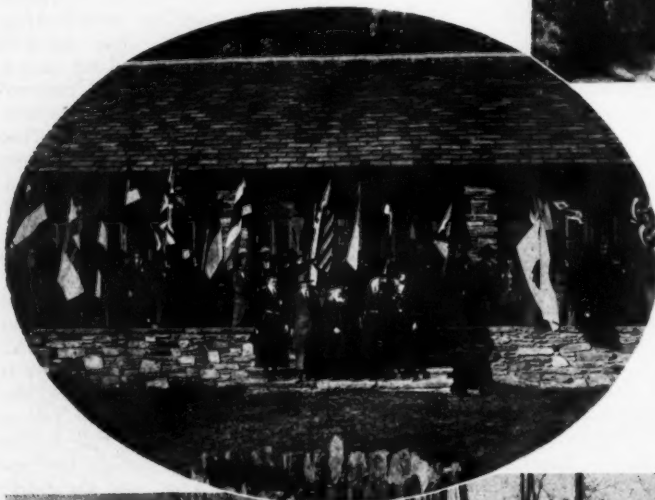
When Sir Robert Baden-Powell came to Camp Edith Macy, he planted this tree in the Highway to the World. Near him, each overseas guest planted hers, for her country—a highway which stands in loving memory of our friends' visit

From all the World

These pictures of our 'Round the World give you but a glimpse of all the memorable week of real camping, eating on outdoor stoves and served out of the kind of good times you are enjoying



To the left you see the bell that rang out the joyous summons to the gatherings of our 'Round the World camp. Girl Scouts had a real share in this camp, for two Golden Eaglets were chosen to be Girl Scout Aides throughout the week—Helen Galland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Marguerite Gunn, of Macon, Ga. In this picture, Marguerite is ringing the picturesque bell that now calls together Girl Scout leaders in summer training courses at Camp Macy



To the left is the scene at Camp Edith Macy upon the afternoon of the arrival of our guests—flags flashing in the sun and the thrill of being together in camp at last after many months of anticipation

When our guests in their travels were motored to Mrs. Nicholas Brady's lovely home on Long Island, they spent an enchanted interlude in this garden below where flowers from the world over were blooming in welcome



The picture above is typical of many informal chats—this is luncheon on the terrace with Mrs. Edey exchanging experiences with friends from Italy, Norway, Great Britain and other lands



"Welcome," said the President of the World Scout Conference



"Stay as long as you can," said the President of the World Scout Conference



"Come again," said the President of the World Scout Conference

World They Came to Us

The World Camp in the month of May can be your days together held. It was a big, canvas tents, with our food cooked of us with camp fire programs—just enjoy in your own camp this summer

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A most distinguished group—in the front row, from left to right: Mrs. Low, Founder of the Girl Scouts in the United States; Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide; Mrs. Brady, our National Treasurer; Mrs. Essex Reade, President of the International Council. Above, left to right: Dean Arnold, our National President; Mrs. Rippin, our National Director; Mrs. Mark Kerr of Great Britain, and Mrs. Choate, our Second Vice-President



A circle of friendship around the brightly burning world camp fire—here where the flags of many nations were gathered, friends from far distant lands pledged allegiance to the spirit of love and to the hope for abiding peace



In their short trip, our guests did not forget to look in on Cedar Hill, the state camp of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts. Upon this hillside to the right, Girl Scouts are now gathering for their summer good times

A glimpse is given below of Great Hall, so beautifully designed by Mr. James Y. Rippin, who planned Camp Edith Macy. Here it was that the members of the 'Round the World Camp met for the first supper and first evening



Above is the exhibit of our Polish guest—typical of the delightful handcraft brought across the seas for our pleasure. Don't you wish you could run away with some of these quaintly dressed dolls?

of the United States on the White House lawn



and the Girl Scouts of Massachusetts at the State House



the Mayor of New York in front of City Hall

What the Girl Scouts Are Doing

At home and abroad we remember that "A Girl Scout Is Thrifty," and that if she is clever as well she finds great fun in it

In Toledo, Ohio

Wild flowers are protected

Ruth and Marnette Cook live near one of the largest city parks in Toledo, Ohio. In the spring they noticed that people not only were picking the wild flowers in huge bunches, but were not even carrying them home—just dropping them as they faded, on the way out of the park. Ruth and Marnette decided to stop this practice.

First they went to the Park Commissioner, and obtained his consent to make signs to place in the woods. Twelve signs, similar to the one in the picture, were made and painted. These the girls took to the park, and placed them where people could not help seeing them. The girls also had observed that some of the wild flowers were becoming extinct. They accordingly enlisted the help of other Girl Scouts to transplant these varieties to the park.



Wild flowers were preserved in a city park of Toledo, Ohio, through the use of twelve such signs as the one above, made, painted, and placed by Ruth and Marnette Cook

Near Stratford, Conn.

Wild life thrives in bird sanctuary

Josephine Boynton, a Girl Scout of Stratford, Conn., visited a Bird Sanctuary. She writes: "The ten-acre sanctuary is fenced in all the way around. In one corner lies the warden's pretty rustic bungalow. In another are pines, spruces, hemlocks, and low thickets where the catbird is found. In the main nesting place (fenced in separately), feeding stations, bird baths, and nesting boxes stand here and there, as well as many trees and bushes (apple, maple, ash, oak, rose bushes, and flowering shrubs). In the museum are glassed-in places for collections about four feet wide and as long as the room." Perhaps Girl Scouts will help to create such sanctuaries in various parts of the country.

Rhode Island and Texas

Advise thrift in frying pans

Why not save the weight of that "extra" frying pan in your pack, and show yourself an expert woodsman as well? From the Girl Scout *Flash* of Rhode Island, as well as from Camp Medina Lake, Texas, we have received directions. Place a flat stone across your fire—or part of your fire. Fry your bacon on it first. Then for each egg, cut out the center of a slice of bread, place it on the stove, and drop the egg carefully into the center. Turning over is a simple matter, as the egg sticks to the bread. Fish, meat, apples, onions, potatoes, almost anything lends itself to the outdoor frying pan. In Texas, too, there's many a leader who can eliminate the mixing bowl, and stir up baking powder biscuits in a paper bag. Blending the dry ingredients and shortening is much as usual. Then mix a biscuit at a time, they say,

by pouring into the center just enough milk for one biscuit.

Buffalo and Memphis

Conserve rest and cheerfulness

for both mothers and babies at state fairs through nursery tents. Girl Scouts of Buffalo assisted the Red Cross in its management of one at the Hamburg Fair.

A similar "Children's Playground" and a bureau for lost children were maintained by Girl Scouts of Memphis, Tenn., at the Tri-State Fair. They also provided a place for older men and women to rest, and even sent out a successful search party for a seventy-two-year-old father.

In Faribault, Minn.

The School for the Blind plants trees

From Faribault, Minn., comes news of a troop in the School for the Blind that held a tree planting program on their campus. One of the Boleana Poplars planted was dedicated to Mrs. Low, and one to the school.



No time for us, it seems, when Girl Scouts of Riverside, Calif., turn pioneer women with such topics to discuss as butter-making and the best way to turn the heel of a sock

Tacoma, Wash.

Invites East, South, and Middle West

Girl Scouts of Tacoma, Wash., send a special invitation to Girl Scouts in other parts of the country to join their camp on Horsehead Bay, Puget Sound, before the end of August. The swimming is declared to be excellent, as it is in salt water which is only slightly influenced by the tide. The regular Girl Scout activities, such as woodcraft, games, including archery, and dramatics, will be carried on.

Riverside, Calif.

Provides pioneer party

Girl Scouts of Riverside, Calif., held a Pioneer Party representing, as far as possible, their own family pioneer history. Their parents were of course invited, and many girls from other troops "listened in." Six Girl Scouts, dressed in genuine old fashioned costumes of Lincoln's time, acted as hostesses. One of these costumes, in fact, consisted of an old, lengthy and long-sleeved night-dress and night cap, whose wearer looked as if she had just tumbled out of bed. Relics were arranged on tables covered with homespun. As each article was shown, the owner gave a short account of it. Among these were two ancient Gallic Bibles bound in rawhide, a little three-legged iron kettle brought from Chicago in a covered wagon, two newspapers printed at the times of Washington's and Lincoln's deaths respectively, a yellow brocaded curtain used in the White House during the Administration of John Quincy Adams. Of course, an old autograph album was open on the table, and contained ringlets of hair plaited in fancy designs. A badge was also shown which was worn by an ancestor of one of the Girl Scouts while touring with thirteen women in an open wagon stumping for Lincoln.

Campers in St. Paul

Hold a Pioneer Week

During Pioneer Week at the St. Paul, Minn., camp, each patrol became a particular kind of American pioneers. The Court of Honor, for instance, forthwith were the Forty-niners. Of course a covered wagon had to be! Margaret Bailey, the St. Paul Local Director, writes: "For this we rigged up the nearby farmer's wagon with willow wands and a tent fly; borrowed the tiniest girl in camp, the farmer himself, his team of horses, a cow; and after reconstructing some of the costumes from the costume box, this covered wagon party, some riding and some walking, came into camp bringing all sorts of implements and singing Clementine. We paused for rest near

The Golden Helen, mysterious, unknown, beautiful—

the campfire circle, and sang *Oh! Suzanna* and other old songs, and clapped enthusiastically for two of our party as they danced an old dance to *The Turkey in the Straw*, played by the farmer on his mouth organ."

Other weeks at this camp were Knights of Camelot, Indian Week, Sherwood Forest, and Alice in Wonderland (who held of course a Mad Tea Party.)

Portsmouth, Ohio

Features "The American Girl"

Girl Scout Echoes, written and published by the Patrol Leaders' Association of Portsmouth, Ohio, carries a front-page column in June on the summer Get Acquainted Offer of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Splendid work, O Patrol Leaders of the *Echoes*! In such wise, and only through such help from the Girl Scouts of every town and city, will THE AMERICAN GIRL continue to grow larger and better, to include more stories from your favorite authors, more pages of everything you want—from handicrafts to jokes—with every year.

Dallas Wins Over Houston

In an inter-city contest for the highest percentage of AMERICAN GIRL subscribers among the Girl Scouts of each city, respectively, Dallas led over Houston, Texas. The prize—shipped off in a flurry of messages to "carry congratulations to Dallas"—was the original canvas of the January cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

An Outdoor Summer Safety Play

in a form adapted to girls' camps, has been written by Lucy Barton. Briefly: Peggy and Jane, skilled in camp lore, and Rosemary, new to camp life, meet on the shore of the lake near which they are all spending the summer. Rosemary, lured on by the lovely but treacherous Water-Sprite, is rescued by the other girls from an adventure that might have had a sad ending, and learns that "real

courage is something very different from just daring to take a chance." The Gnomes, who resent the presence of humans in their woods, dance in and out of the play or hover on the outskirts to watch the fate of these queer mortals.

The play is illustrated and may be obtained in typewritten form, free of charge, from the Educational Division, National Safety Council, 120 West 42nd Street, New York City.

New Orleans, La.

Campers utilize materials

Girl Scouts in camp near New Orleans, La., shape their pottery from Louisiana clay, and make baskets from pine needles, both of which are found close at hand.

From China

News of a strange, Oriental need for community service comes from China. And right here we offer congratulations to those Girl Scouts who tramped seven miles over muddy roads before giving two programs and cooking their own supper in between!

Dear Editor:

This year we have organized a Girl Scout troop in our high school and have chosen a Chinese name which means Virtue and Bravery Club (I Yung Tuan). There is more implied in these words than the English gives, for in addition to the virtue and bravery there is a bit of perseverance in it too.

This last week fourteen of the girls and two of us teachers went out to a big market town about thirty miles from here to help in an anti-foot-binding campaign. In most of the country places in north China foot-binding still goes on. In this large market place I think that we saw only ten girls or women besides our girls, who were over five years and who had normal feet. In the cities and places where churches have sprung up there is less of it. But the amount is appalling, and to a good many of our girls who had never been out in the country these facts were a revelation. They really had had no conception of the difference there is between country and city life in China.

People say that Chinese girls are so used to servants that they can't do much for themselves, but you should have seen the



Pioneer lovers snatch a moment's leisure together—during Pioneer Week at the St. Paul, Minn., Girl Scout camp

way the girls pulled their bedding rolls and all of their luggage off the train and piled it on the carts, which they hired, after we got off the train at the end of the line. And then when people say that Chinese girls can't walk I will tell them that they can. We had hoped to hire donkeys at the end of the line to take us the seven miles we were to go for I had never been out with our girls before and I was a bit doubtful as to how the girls would do it. But we could get only five donkeys for the crowd and so most of us walked all of the way. And it was no easy matter for it had rained all the day before and the roads were frightfully muddy. And when we got out of the mud into the sandy country we had to walk through bad sand, but those girls were real Girl Scouts.

We reached our destination at twelve and after a little rest and a good meal, the girls made ready for the meeting which had been scheduled for women and children at two o'clock. People began to arrive at one o'clock, and at two we were well under way, for there were about two hundred women and children crowded into the little room. The boys, who were not allowed in, were hanging onto all the windows trying to get a view of the girls in their stunts, their plays and singing. I think that just seeing so many girls so fresh and peppy couldn't help make a good impression. After the meeting the girls rushed around to get things ready so that they could prepare their own supper. Some of the girls knew very little about cooking and as I knew less than any about Chinese cooking I let those who did know teach those who didn't know.

In the evening the house was crowded with men and boys, and the girls repeated their program, in which they tried to show the people why girls should have education and normal feet. On Sunday, when the old women and young ones came to church, the girls talked to them out in the courtyards and told them jokes about girls with big feet and showed what they could do. I can't but feel that this trip has done more to help our troop than anything else we have done this year.

Sincerely,

LAURA B. CROSS.

Peking, China.



Girl Scout archers at the spring rally in Philadelphia will also compete in the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition this summer

Watch for her in Margaret Widdemer's story next month

The Garden Camp and Bernice

(Continued from page 21)

July. But really, Bernice, how do you know where to walk to one kind of bush in the dark, and how do you know that you are or are not going to find young shoots and buds under dried flowers?"

"Oh, I really don't know very much more about flowers than the rest of you," she replied, "and whatever I do I know just as you know anything about your friends. By noticing and remembering, I suppose. How do we know that Marnie always gets all her work finished before anyone else begins, and that Marie has always forgotten something?" Marie made a face at her. "How do we know that Gladys will burst out with some impossible exclamation from the latest street slang, while Grace will shoot hers from Kipling?"

"Of course, the flowers are dear friends of mine. I love them almost as much as I do you girls," she went on when we had been too busy snipping for anyone to broach a new subject for a minute, "and I guess I know them best over at Grandmother Woodson's garden instead of ours. I go over to see her nearly every day, and often I find her working in her garden, and potter about with her. She probably has introduced me to most of my flower friends, and gossiped about them a lot."

We were snipping quietly along, almost asleep in the drowsy sun, and probably all thinking how funny it was for Bernice to talk of the flowers like people that way, when along came our Captain and suggested it was rest hour. We could hardly tear ourselves away from our enthralling task, however. It gets hold of you like eating popcorn or anything repetitive like that. But we reluctantly wrested ourselves away and sauntered over to our enchanting bedrooms, making up and singing some doggerel about "How can she wrest us from the rest for the rest hour?"

Well, to make a short story shorter, we did have a wonderful camp in many ways, and incidentally we did a tremendous lot of gardening. We cut every dead flower from the place, including half a dozen modest lost violets, trimmed as much tangled shrubbery as the season and Bernice would permit, pulled the tangled wire back out of enormous masses of honeysuckle and jasmine, which was a hard thing to do without breaking off much of the outer greenery; we weeded beds and scraped paths and dug up about roots and generally made the place look as though some one loved it again, as the owner-lady said.

And then—this is all I set out to say in the first place.

That prolonged introduction just grew by itself, as so much of the tangle in our lovely garden had done. It was one of the last days of camp, and our owner-lady had brought a friend over to show her the camp and the new garden. The friend was a nice lady, but apparently not very understanding. And, of course, she did not know that Bernice was the mainspring of it all, while she probably did know that most of us were city girls who knew almost nothing of gardens or the country or plants. Her hostess had just brought her past the row of flaming geraniums, and the clumps of marguerites, absolutely bursting with blossoms in the sunshine, and had said, "Only look at these, my dear. Aren't they lovely? And to think that the girls can see them and enjoy the reward of their own labor!"

And then they rounded the corner and saw Bernice. She had been working all her spare time that day untangling and tying up on the broken porch trellis dozens of yards upon yards of a matted climbing rose that had fallen back upon itself and twisted about its own lower branches until it was just a clump. It was quite an early rose, so there were only a few stray late ones in bloom and Bernice had only cut off a few of the myriad dried ones, incidentally, as she worked on the tangled vines.

The visitor could not know what she had accomplished or was trying to do, or what the ingrowing branches looked like when she began, and apparently thought, "Oh, here is a poor city child who has seen the others clip geraniums and marguerites and seen them marvellously develop their already formed buds in a few

days, and so she thinks she can do the same thing with a seasonal rose!"

So after our nice owner-lady had smiled up at Bernice and said, "My! how hard at work!" The visitor stopped and smiled too, but with such a different kind of smile. Some people are always smiling like that, when they are trying to tell other people how to do something different—Gladys would say, "When they are taking the joy out of life."

"Oh, my dear!" she said up to Bernice on the top of the wobbly stepladder, "I'm afraid you are just wasting your time. You know that is a regular spring-blooming rose, and even if you do cut the dead flowers away now, it won't bloom again before you leave. Not again until next spring. So you are just wasting this lovely afternoon!"

Well, perhaps Bernice was tired anyway, or she may have wanted an excuse to look at our owner-lady a little longer, or just the top of the wobbly ladder looked inviting. Anyway she turned around and sat down on it, and waving the pruning shears she had managed to find somewhere toward all the great rose vine she said, "Oh, I am not doing this for me. Not for anything beautiful, that I shall ever see, nor even for Mrs. Gray's lovely garden. I am just doing it to make the poor crippled rose vine comfortable."

Our hostess smiled very understandingly and the visitor very perplexedly as she repeated, "Comfortable?"

So Bernice settled herself more comfortably on her porch and replied "Yes. Comfortable. I am just helping it get into a natural position. Plants must want to be comfortable just as much as people, don't you think? When they are cosy and well cared for they are happy and nice looking and everything goes along well with them. When they are sick or hurt or neglected, they are miserable and they look miserable. This poor old rose had fallen down, and he had bad cramps and a poor circulation and an awful digestion, and everything about him had gotten all twisted and tangled up and ingrowing. He couldn't breathe well through his skin or his roots, nor get nearly as much to eat and drink as he needed."

"I just hadn't tackled him before," she went on to the owner-lady, "because there was so much to do to him it seemed hopeless to begin. So at first we did the easier things and put him off, and then there didn't seem time enough in which to do him, so today when the girls went off to the river for the picnic I thought I should just have to stay and straighten

(Concluded on page 48)



What do you find when you look in your mirror?—

Julie's Treasure Hunt

By DOROTHY WILLIAMS

JULIE was walking down the street, thinking. The time was exactly one year ago this summer—which makes Julie's Treasure Hunt story much more interesting because she found the treasure at the end of it all.

In her pocket was a railroad ticket to Blainsville. *Blainsville!* Where Alice's family had a cottage on a lake and where she, herself, was going for a whole blissful week's visit. Yes, she was going—going—going—and all because she, herself, had earned the money for the last trip.

Julie remembered as though it were yesterday the day last spring when Alice had invited her. "I'd simply adore coming," she had replied. "But what with Jim going off to college next year, there just isn't a cent for extras."

"Well, don't say 'No' yet," Alice had said. "Something may turn up."

And something had. Just two days later, in her new copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, Julie had read about the Earn-Your-Own Club in which other girls had seemed to be earning money by securing *AMERICAN GIRL* subscriptions. Julie had lingered over that page. If other girls had earned money in this way, why couldn't she?

Then a thought occurred to her—why, every month she could scarcely wait for the magazine to come. Wouldn't it be the same with the other girls if they subscribed? No one had told them about the magazine, that was why they weren't subscribers. That night, a letter was speeding to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* with Julie's application for membership. "Please send my card of appointment right away," she had written.

This particular summer's day, with the ticket to Blainsville in her pocket, Julie smiled reminiscently. She was going—going—going. Thanks to the Earn-Your-Own Club! But what about the Club during the summer? Someway, the last week or so it had been more difficult to secure the subscriptions. The girls who had been saying they wished to subscribe were now going to wait till the fall. Suddenly Julie stopped still upon the sidewalk.

An idea! Then, with a quick turn, she faced about and started off in the opposite direction. Up the



Julie drew herself up with the dignity that befits so successful a young business woman. "That is my service," she said

street at the next corner and straight to Daisy McMillan's. Daisy was one of the girls who had decided to wait until fall before sending in her subscription, and she was just then on the porch with her crocheting.

"Daisy!" cried Julie, gasping for breath. "You said you wanted *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, didn't you?"

"I sure do!" said Daisy.

"You won't have to wait," pursued the undaunted Julie. "You've never been a subscriber before so you're eligible for the big summer bargain, five months for fifty cents."

Daisy considered. "I have got fifty cents," she admitted. "Uncle Jim gave it to me last night. I hadn't decided on anything special to spend it for Do you think they could get the magazine to grandma's address all right?"

"My dear," Julie assured her, "they'd send that magazine to the South Pole."

Daisy reached into the pocket of her dress and produced the fifty cents. "All right," she said.

Daisy watched Julie as she filled out the subscription blank, then asked, "How much do you earn on the fifty cent subscriptions, Julie?"

Julie smiled. "Nothing. Exactly nothing."

"Nothing! What are you bothering for then?"

Julie drew herself up with the dignity that befits so successful a young business woman. "That is my service," she explained. "I'm going to see all the girls about this summer bargain, then I'm going to keep a record in my Club notebook about all those who send in their fifty cents. And at Christmas, their mothers and fathers will renew for them—that's when I'll earn a lot of money."

Daisy was greatly impressed. "Do you get money for renewals?"

"I certainly do. This is a regular Club."

This time it was Julie who drew something from her pocket. It was a railroad ticket to Blainsville!

And the sequel of this story is that Julie actually secured several year's and two years' subscriptions as she talked about the summer bargain.

You, too, may join and earn your own money. Just fill in this little coupon or write a letter. "It's as easy as that," as Julie would say.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York.

I want to become a member of the "Earn-Your-Own" Club, and earn money the way Julie did. Tell me how.

Name..... Address.....
Town..... State.....

August, '26

A new series on good looks begins next month

Haunted Houses

(Continued from page 15)

Then came shrieks, groans, sounds of furniture being knocked about. Upstairs crept the terrified servants and listened at the door. The old butler, who had served the family for years, cast a curious eye through the keyhole into the room. No sooner had he done so than a ghastly voice called out, "Smite that eye!" Whereupon a sheet of flame enveloped the butler and he fell back, writhing in agony.

The Mysterious Stranger disappeared.

Who was he? That is part of the unsolved mystery of Glamis. It is said that even to this day on stormy November nights, persons sometimes are heard in deserted rooms of the old castle, shouting at each other, quarreling over games.

The weird enigma of this Haunted Castle is centered, as I have said, in a secret room.

There are numbers of secret chambers in this old castle with its fifteen-foot-thick walls. There is, however, one absolutely, horribly secret room which is never known to more than three persons at a time: to the owner of Glamis, to his oldest son, and to the steward of the estate.

The oldest son of the owner of Glamis is initiated into the mystery of the secret room on his twenty-first birthday. There is said to be a solemn initiation ceremony, when the three men, who know the secret, armed with crowbars, break down the masonry which walls up the room and, having performed some unknown ceremony, gaze with naked eyes upon the Mystery, whatever it may be! Then they wall up the chamber. It isn't opened again until the time comes for the initiation of a new heir.

On initiation night every member of the Lyon family (owners of Glamis since 1371) assembles at the castle. But of the terrible secret of the chamber, they know no more than you or I. Often reckless young heirs have promised in advance to betray the secret, ridiculing the stern business as superstitious nonsense. But, always, when they see the secret eye to eye, it seals their lips.

Some people believe that there exists in the chamber a dreadful monster of fearful appearance and tremendous age. Others think that the ghost of the beautiful Lady Janet may appear on the ritual night. Still others talk of the bones of former Lords of Glamis, political enemies, left to starve in a remote dungeon of the castle by some revengeful and bitter foe.

Now let us have a nice, cheerful ghost to get the bad taste of Glamis Castle out of our mouths. Sykes Lumb Farm, situated near the Village of Mellor Brook in England, many years ago was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Mrs. Sykes who, with her husband, is said to have lived there in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

Sykes and Mrs. Sykes owned the farm.

They were a hard-working, thrifty couple, who had saved a good deal of money for those days. It wasn't a common custom, then, for plain folks to have bank accounts and pay by check. Instead, they "squirreled" their money away in old stockings, under carpets, in cracked teapots and all manner of odd places. In some such manner Mr. and Mrs.

them deep underground in the orchard.

Mr. Sykes died in the course of time, and after him—so suddenly she had no time to dispose of her property—his wife. The two, after burying their hoard, never set eyes on it again.

Their relatives, knowing they had had considerable wealth between them, flocked to the farm. There was a grand upheaval. Everything was upset and peeped under. Mattresses and featherbeds were opened. Floors were pried up. But nobody thought to dig up the orchard.

The apple trees budded and blossomed, dropped petals and fruit year after year on top of the buried treasure. The farm changed hands many times. The very name of the Sykes couple was forgotten.

Now, let your imagination rest on Mrs. Sykes. How hard she had worked to save that money, the poor dear! Women on farms never have an easy time, and back in the days of Henry the Seventh they must have had an uphill struggle indeed. Washing machines hadn't been invented, nor electric dish-washers, nor gas cook-stoves, nor kitchen cabinets. Water had to be drawn from wells and carried sloshing to the house. Any country woman who saved money in those days must have worked her fingers to the bone!

The thought troubled her so she couldn't lie still in her grave.

I suppose her restless spirit kept thinking of those gold-pieces buried under the apple trees; and what jolly things she might have bought with them. I fancy she hated herself for never having had that lovely silk dress she wanted, or a new flower for her bonnet, or a gay trip to London to see the world. It wouldn't have been so bad if the money ever had done anyone else any good. But there it lay, jar after jar of stored-up fun and freedom. The more Mrs. Sykes thought of it, the more her dander rose. Finally, she decided to do something about it.

So it came to pass that, as dusk fell, the owners of the farm or the peasants on nearby roads, would see a queer little woman, old and wrinkled, wearing an antique bonnet and otherwise clothed in the fashion of a bygone age. They fled in fright, of course!

A ghost cannot speak to a human being until it is first spoken to. Such is the etiquette of the spookish world. Poor, well-meaning Mrs. Sykes only wished to communicate her secret and go back to her grave in peace. The fears of the people were so great, however, that the nice old lady was kept for generations patrolling the visible and invisible world.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." That seems to have been the poor thing's motto. For she kept everlastingly at her appearances, until almost

(Concluded on page 44)



Our Pet Contest

(And, yes, a favorite also with Gladima Scout)

Here's a place for your pet—feathered or furred or, if more unusual, the better. Make him famous by writing about him—or drawing or taking his picture—for our Pet Contest. Who is he? What does he look like? (That's first, of course.) Does he know you? Can he talk (private languages allowed)? Where did your friendship begin? While you are in school and at troop meetings, what is his program for the day? Tricks! Has he—or she, we meant to include her before—ever had a family?

Who are your pets?

Puppies, with woolly coats, inquisitive, cold noses, and paws that came several sizes too large for the baby dog above them; grown-up big dogs with a stiff lesson to learn: that even in the very transport of enthusiasm one still must not thrust admiring forepaws on clean dresses; terriers, completely beside themselves at sight of a ball.

There are othersto! Kittens, all curves and fluffiness; considerable, matronly cats that doze in your lap. And still more. Birds, for instance. "Wild" ones that come to a window sill. Squirrels. A friendly cow with soft, reflective eyes. One girl we know, raised a whole family of white mice. Send us the story and, if possible, the picture of your favorite pet for a special Page of Pets to appear in *The Beholder* this fall.

The Prizes

To every girl whose story or picture—it may be a drawing or snapshot—is published, we will award a book. For the best story the prize will be a pair of field glasses. For the best picture, the prize will be a book about pets—with beautiful colored illustrations.

The contest is open to every reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Put your name, age, troop number and address at the top of the first page of your story and on the back of your picture or drawing. This contest closes September 1, 1926.

Sykes had disposed of their savings.

Civil war broke out in England. The good couple were worried. At almost any time, they feared, marauding soldiers might search their house—empty the old teapots, the featherbeds, and the stocking full of gold-pieces tucked away under a loose board in the floor. After many anxious talks, they settled on the plan of filling a number of earthenware crocks with gold and burying

"Double Jump," a mystery story by Augusta Huiell Seaman, coming

Becky's Wolf Comes Back

(Continued from page 23)

shake hands at once with one white man. Then the trick appeared! As soon as there were two Indians holding each white man's hands the redskins started to drag the men away. Calloway, who had warned Kenton to keep a sharp lookout for treachery, shouted. Kenton touched the home-made cannon off with a bang and a scatteration of bullets which so terrified the Indians that they dropped the white men and ran. Rifles began to speak from the wall; and the Frenchmen and De Quindre scurried into the brush along the creek for cover. Daniel Calloway, and the other seven men sped back to the fort with Indian bullets flying harmlessly after them.

"That's what comes of trustin' in the world of honor of a scoundrel like that Frenchman," said Calloway.

"He didn't give his word," Becky corrected quickly. "He just talked around it." De Quindre was a wolf and a fiend, she admitted; but still, it was not fair to say he had given his word of honor and then broken it. Evidently his word meant something sacred to him; something even he would not betray.

The Indians withdrew to discuss the next move. Meanwhile, De Quindre, hiding close to the bank of the stream under that side of the palisade, had been inspired with a new idea. At dusk he regained the Indian camp and presented this idea to his army. It was quite dark when, with some twenty helpers, he returned to the bank and set to work with knives and tomahawks to dig a tunnel through the earth under the wall. Other Indians came up stealthily with powder, to fill the tunnel. De Quindre's clever idea was to blast his way into this stubborn stronghold.

"Luck is not with me on this march," he muttered, "so I have to use my brains. That is a great waste of power—to use brains as well as powder on these stupid Americans!"

Perhaps it would have been the same in the end, no matter where he had dug his tunnel; and maybe the fact that he dug it under the ground nearest Becky Landers' cabin was, in itself, another sign that luck, as he had said, was not with him. Becky was very restless that night. She rose and went out as far as the wall on the creek side of the fort. So it happened, naturally enough, that she was the first to hear suspicious sounds on the bank. Daringly, she climbed up and looked over the wall.

There were no sentries here. The bank rose so sheerly from the water that this side of the fort was considered sufficiently protected by Nature. There was no way of approach for stealthy feet. But the nimble-witted wolf had thought of a way! He and his men were working from an improvised raft, held steady against the shore by savages up to their armpits in water. There was no moon; the darkness covered them. Becky could see very little, but she could hear. She slipped down and sprinted off to tell Boone.

By this time the Indians were yelling before the fort gate, and firing, and throwing torches in order to keep all the defenders busy there, and so prevent any of them from discovering what De Quindre was doing under the creekside wall. Boone took a few men with him and began to dig outward from the Landers' cellar. He had the advantage in the matter of tunnelling, because the cellar was already there; and, also, he had shovels and picks, while the enemy had only knives and hatchets. Presently he lowered his powder, prepared a fuse and touched it off. The explosion tore a great hole in the earth and killed or badly wounded most of the Indians who were working in the other tunnel. The others tumbled out pell-mell upon the raft.

"That made them scamper perdigious!" said Simon, with great satisfaction. He fired toward the raft, which was barely visible for a few moments before it floated away.

Dawn came again and showed the environs of Boonesborough clear of Indians. The red army, defeated and disgruntled, had insisted on going home. There were shouts of joy as the harassed defenders realized their safety.

Becky climbed the wall over the stream and looked down at the cavity made by the explosion. To her surprise she saw a long forked stick standing upright in a mound of earth; and, in the fork of the stick, a piece of deerskin. It was fringed, that scrap of deerskin, she noticed, as she clambered down towards it.

"A piece torn out of the skirt of a jerkin," she said, when she held it in her hand. "But who put it here, and why?"

She turned it over; and gave out a sharp little cry at what she saw. There was lettering on that bit of wilderness notepaper, done with the sharp point of a knife. What she held in her hand was, indeed, a letter to her from De Quindre written on a scrap of his deerskin shirt. It read thus: "B.L. brother well Vincennes D.Q."

She thrust the precious thing inside her own deerskin blouse. Rod was alive and well! She flung her arms over her face and burst into convulsive weeping. She did not guess that, from the brush across the creek, a pair of glittering greenish eyes watched her for a few moments. She heard nothing as De Quindre slipped cautiously away. He had waited to make sure that his message was seen by some one and taken into the fort. He had promised to let Becky know if he found her brother; and he did not consider his word fulfilled until Becky *did* know. It was dangerous, foolhardy, for him to linger there alone, letting his army go on hours ahead of him; but danger and folly were, after all, De Quindre's life. He would catch up with his Indians or reach headquarters alone. This swift shadow-runner of the wilderness could sift through the forest as easily as the silent-footed night. He feared nothing that roamed the wilds beside him; not the darkness nor the lonely silence, neither man nor beast.

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Our Round the World Camp

(Continued from page 10)

plaque, before the red-gold of the fire, Girl Scout leaders in camp costume sang the processional of the dedication ceremony, *Blessing the House*, written by that eminent poet, Anna Hempstead Branch. Cathedral-like in its dignity and loveliness, the music, composed for the dedication by Mr. George Newell, soared in its beauty to the heights of the room. Following the chorus were the three spokesmen, in delicately colored draperies.

God bless this House from thatch to floor,

Blessed let it be.

And they who enter at the door,

Blessed let them be—

Blessed let them be.

In the hush that followed, Dean James E. Russell of Teachers College paid a beautiful tribute to "Edith Macy as a Girl Scout." Dr. Russell it was who first interested Mrs. Macy in Girl Scouting. And from his memories of her, he gave intimate recollections of those early days of Girl Scouting and Mrs. Macy's part in them.

"She was always interested in girls," he said. "And she wished that all girls might have a joyous girlhood. But she won her 'Golden Eaglet,' to my mind, when she brought Mrs. Rippin to the Girl Scouts. For it was she who did it."

As Dean Arnold, our President, rose to open the World Council Fire, there was in the hearts of all a wistful thankfulness—wistfulness that so great a friend as Edith Macy has gone from us; thankfulness that she was with us as our friend: thankfulness that this camp, so beautifully planned in her memory, could have been dedicated with friends from all the world gathered about its fires.

"Upon this World Council Fire," said Dean Arnold, "each country will place her fagot."

And as she called the name of each one, our guests stepped up, saying, in simple language, what their fagots held.

"We, the Girl Guides of Canada, bring neighborliness," said Mrs. Sarah T. Warren, Chief Guide of Canada.

Courage and comradeship and poetry, the wealth of land, beautiful things fashioned by men—these were mentioned by guest after guest. But again and again this message pulsed through these first greetings from the girls and their leaders, living in other lands. "I bring the spirit of peace, the hope that we may have no more war."

War! Many a leader, sitting there in the beauty of the Great Hall, silently dedicated herself to the realization of this hope. War—with any of these, our friends? We felt that it could not, must not be. Hand in hand, the Good-night Song was sung. Hand in hand, up the hills to our tents and to sleep. The 'Round-the-World Camp had begun.

Who could tell the whole story of such a week together? Pictures—pictures—pictures emerge from the memory

of it all. Pictures of colors on a hill-top, in the early morning sunlight, with the many flags again glorious in the sun. Pictures of luncheon on the terrace, with its view of distant hills, with laughter echoing, and chats of what girls—girls—girls everywhere like to do. There was the merry little Japanese guest. Over her luncheon, she told of how her girls went to camp and were so entranced with the first marketing they had ever done in a public market that they insisted upon carrying the vegetables back unwrapped! Sitting upon the low, gray wall was Lady Clayton of Palestine, in her charming gray uniform and hat that blended so delightfully with her gray hair. Her story was of the first troop among the Moslem girls of Palestine, those girls who, at sixteen, must cover their faces with veils. Oh, many were the fascinating stories our guests told us as we chatted together.

Most of the meetings of the Camp were held in a great white tent which had been erected near the entrance. Here Lady Baden-Powell, as Chief Guide of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of the world, extended cordial best wishes to everyone. In her delightful manner, she told of the first days of Girl Scouting, when a small group of girls, dressed in their brothers' clothes, attended a Boy Scout meeting and begged Sir Robert to have Scouting for girls, too. Sir Robert, interested as he was in all young people whether boys or girls, did not refuse. And from such a small beginning, in a few short years have come the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of thirty-eight countries.

"Yet, this, too, is but a beginning," said Lady Baden-Powell. It is for us all to hold fast to our high hopes, to our ideals. For a finer Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting pleaded our Chief Guide on her own day at Camp Edith Macy, for a Girl Guiding and a Girl Scouting that will truly unite the girls of all the world. Again, that pulsing plea for peace.

In the great white tent, too, was held the meeting upon the day when Sir Robert himself came to the camp. Once more a day of sunshine, with the sides of the tent rolled high and new guests sitting upon the hillside without. And though the tent itself was crowded, though the guests were many, Sir Robert's genial friendliness reached each person there. Pausing outside to give the delegate from each country his cordial personal greeting, he was introduced by Lady Baden-Powell. Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting is fun—often he has written this to us. And the day when he talked to us was fun! Scarcely had he begun than friendly laughter rippled through the tent and up the hillside. We found ourselves wishing to go on a camp trip with him, to sit around a fire with him, listening to his stories. He, too, gave us recollections of the first days of Girl Guiding. He, too, talked of his hopes for the future—for peace and good will. Thoughtfulness for others, the larger patriotism which is world-wide—

A thrilling new serial by Jane Abbott coming

such was the message he brought to us, together with his own great friendliness.

Following Sir Robert that afternoon, Dr. George Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, suggested in his delightful manner a most appropriate way of putting into practice Sir Robert's hopes for us all—the health way. For how can we carry out our hopes unless we are strong and well? Plenty of sleep, the right kind of exercise, a physical examination once a year—to tell of it as Dr. Vincent did that day would be to say it in Sir Robert's own genial manner.

Memories of other notable talks come back, too—of Dame Katherine Furse's evening around the camp fire in Great Hall—she who is now a distinguished member of the League of Nations staff and Head of the Sea Guides of Great Britain; of Mrs. Herbert Hoover's talk on camping around the world; of Mrs. Rippin's on what the Girl Scouts of the United States are doing—told at the request of the delegates from other nations.

But no memory will linger longer than that of the World Roll Call opened by Mrs. Essex Reade, Chairman of the International Council. A Roll Call? Call it rather a magic carpet, carrying each of us to distant mountains and forests and deserts. As Mrs. Mark Kerr of Great Britain and Mrs. Arthur Choate called the names of the thirty-eight countries, one by one, our guests arose, and coming to the front of the gathering, greeted us. Some first gave their greetings in their own languages—followed by the stories of what their girls are doing as Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, back in the homeland. All spoke in English, a thoughtful tribute to the many American and English campers there. And what stories!

One moment, we were in Egypt, members of a troop in which eleven different nationalities all enjoy Girl Guiding together. The next, we are climbing Italy's beautiful mountains for a mountain camp. Now we are in Norway, entertained in a Girl Guide house, quite like our own Little Houses and cabins where we go for our weekends. Now we are hiking in Finland or in Germany's wonderful forests—"excursions," the German girls call them. And on a rainy day, we see our guest from the Netherlands coming to Roll Call in her entrancing wooden shoes! Many more of these magic carpet stories will be published in our next International issue.

Somehow, in the midst of the busy days, the 'Round-the-World campers found time to go out from camp to enjoy the hospitality of near-by Girl Scout friends. Tea at the home of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is a member of the Westchester County Girl Scout Council; dinner at the home of Mrs. Walter Rothschild, member of our National Board of Directors—and, last of all, luncheon at the home of Mrs. Franklin Q. Brown, Honorary Commissioner of the Westchester County Girl Scout Council, followed by the Westchester County Girl Scout Rally.

For many months, the International Committee had been busy, with Mrs. Low as Chairman and Mrs. Lyman

Delano as Vice-Chairman, making these plans. Now, as each day passed, it all seemed like a story come true.

Girl Scouts and Girl Scouts and Girl Scouts—just as in Boston the Massachusetts girls came to do honor to our visitors in their State Review, so came the New York Girl Scouts of Westchester County that spring day. How our guests laughed at the stunts which each troop presented, as part of the program! *Billy Boy Seeks a Wife* in 1936 was the title of the stunt winning first prize and presented by Troop Fourteen, Yonkers, N. Y. Billy Boy was seen in the middle of the "stage" taking notes on two groups of girls. Alas, the girls in one group were arrayed in high heels, cosmetics and other undesirables—but the other girls wore neat Girl Scout uniforms! One by one, girls came forth from each group to do housewifely things: one girl, by opening a can, but the Girl Scout stirred something luscious in a big mixing bowl. One girl fainted when she saw an accident—the Girl Scout deftly bandaged the wound! One girl's darning was all pucker—the Girl Scout's was done smoothly over a darning egg. After watching such contrasts, was it any wonder that Billy Boy presented a large red heart to the Girl Scouts, offering his arm to one of them? The others formed a "London Bridge," and the bridal pair, followed by the end of the line, marched through, the high-heeled girls weeping bitterly.

The second prize was won by Troop Five, New Rochelle, N. Y., who dramatized the law, "A Girl Scout is courteous." Two girls became conductor and motorman on a phantom street-car. They gave the bell signals and one by one passengers got on—a man, a well-dressed woman, a Girl Scout, and so on until the car was filled. Then an old lady, quaintly costumed in a black silk basque and bustle and bonnet boarded the car and was forced to stand. The Girl Scout jumped up and offered the old lady her seat. The passengers all then left the car—"Please leave by the front door," quoth the conductor—and stood in a row facing the audience while the Girl Scout repeated the law. She then stepped out and led the troop in singing a song of welcome to our overseas guests.

And that evening, our visitors themselves gave us a glimpse of Old World dress and costumes. It was indeed a colorful parade. Czechoslovakia, in a gloriously embroidered gown, told us that every bit had been made by hand. Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark were lovely in their wide, gay skirts and quaint head-dresses. Holland, too, wore her best embroidered cap and carried her wooden shoes, for she says that they are not worn indoors. On her right arm was a doll, brave in a checked gingham apron over her wide skirt and a pair of the most beautiful earrings looking out from her embroidered cap. She looked very proud for she was a gift from the Dutch Girl Guides to the American Girl Scouts. Her clothing was hand-sewed by the Guides themselves, every stitch one of love for the Girl Scouts of this country.

(Continued on next page)



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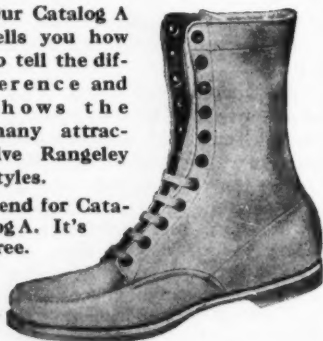
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Our 'Round the World Camp

(Concluded from page 39)

Turkey, wrapped in graceful white folds, made her low bow and gave greetings, as is the custom in the Far East. Egypt sent one of her fair daughters closely veiled, and with a basket lightly resting on her shoulder, called out her wares up and down the Great Hall.

Everyone will remember the picture Italy made in the mellow firelight, singing a tune of old Sardinia to the round, full strains of her guitar. Nor will we forget Austria, who in a sweet, plaintive voice, sang folk-songs of the Austrian Tyrol. And Yugoslavia—how we all longed to ask her to teach us the "Student Dance"—what fun it must be to move with such spirit! Although few could understand the words to her song, the audience hummed softly or nodded in tune to the music.

Costa Rica's beautiful black shawl with its graceful fringe, made us think of laticed windows, climbing roses and spicy scented nights. Porto Rico, too, in her full skirt and spangled fan, awoke longings for wide starry skies and troubadours. China was a colorful spot, and so was Poland in her bright striped skirt. How you would have loved her beautiful handiwork! Figures cut out of colored paper, as delicate as a cameo, were applied on book fronts, to say nothing of the exquisitely hand-carved dolls.

Then our English friends came in the costume of a Seventeenth Century lad

and lass, and did Peas Cod, that jolly old dance, to which everyone hummed and clapped hands. Our very own Canadian neighbors slipped about the room in greatcoats and caps, wide plaid mufflers, and imaginary snowshoes. They also presented a pantomime of the Maple Sugar industry, which is common to that country.

Quite in contrast came South Africa—whereupon you immediately wanted to rush off to hunt lions and wild elephants! And Switzerland, what a picture *she* was in her neat kirtle and delicate, black lace cap with huge wings! Never to be forgotten are the beautiful folk-songs in which our dear friend, France, joined so heartily.

Love and comradeship and beauty these friends brought us from lands afar. Though they have gone from us, the memory of our days together remains and will remain in our hearts. Across the many miles our hands are still joined in understanding. Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting has a new and deeper meaning for us. And pulsing through our memories, as it pulsed through each day, each night in that memorable camp is our steadfast hope.

Out at Camp Edith Macy trees are whispering the refrain, the trees in the Highway to the World, planted by Sir Robert and our guests upon the day of his visit to the Camp. Softly they repeat, as gentle breezes stir their leaves—*Peace*.

When You Go Canoeing

(Continued from page 27)

there is a low dock or float where you can kneel on one knee close to the edge, practise the same thing. Your next lesson will be in a canoe and you must learn to help launch it. If it is an eighteen-foot guide model—one of the very best for general use—then it is too heavy for fewer than four of you to lift. But two of you can turn it right side up on the rocks, being careful not to let it bump, then two on each side about two feet from the ends may grasp the gunwales with both hands, lift it off the rocks and carry it to dock or beach. Here the two in front should let the canoe pass through their hands into the water, the two at the back moving forward with the boat and being careful not to let it hit any obstruction. If you are launching at the beach (in smooth water, as I have said beginners should), put the stern in first and push the boat out so that only enough of the bow is on shore to make it possible to step into her. Canoes are built of light material which will support a big load when the boat is afloat, but will not stand it when on the ground.

Stern should always be the first in because she then has control of the boat. If you are getting in from a dock, hold the canoe so it won't rub. Bow should hold her while stern gets in then vice versa. When stepping in, crouch facing the bow, and as you place one foot gently

in the centre of the bottom put one hand on the further gunwale and keep the other on the dock until both feet are in and you have found a comfortable kneeling position. Bow now follows suit.

On the beach, bow holds the canoe steady while stern walks gently down the centre, keeping her body low, both hands on the gunwales. When stern is in position, with her paddle out for use, bow puts one foot into the boat and pushes off with the other, turns round and settles herself comfortably on the kneeling cushion and grasps her paddle, which had been placed with the blade on the edge-way in the bow, the grip resting on the seat, close to the gunwale. There should be an extra paddle in the canoe in case of accident.

The idea of kneeling seems to you queer? The Indians did it—in fact, had no seats in their canoes. You see, your weight is low and your position is very steady when you kneel, so the canoe is steadier. Then, too, you are naturally straight and it is easy to get the full power of your body weight and the big muscles of the trunk. That means that you will not tire easily, as you would if you used only the arms and shoulders.

Having practised on shore and from the dock, you find it easy to start at "attention," drive the blade into the water (there is more power and less noise for the same effort if the whole blade goes

News of Girl Scouts all over the country every month

under) and back till abreast of you. If you carry the blade past your body you waste effort for it is lifting water, not pushing it, thus doing nothing to drive the boat. That is why the Indians in Eastern Canada use so short and quick a stroke, thus losing no momentum between strokes. Of course, at first you forget and lift the blade out of the water by dropping the grip hand low toward the gunwale, swinging it across the canoe and back up to "attention." This is a big easy motion that rests you between strokes. Watch the blade to see that the front is down parallel to the water as it returns forward. This "feathering" looks well, but also it places the blade so that it is in position to cut any wind.

You will find immediately that one side seems more natural to you than the other, so practise the weaker side more until you have no favorite. This is important because later you may have to paddle long stretches on one side, due to wind conditions. Build up your endurance as quickly as possible, especially aiming for a steady but snappy stroke, and don't think that bow work is nothing but stupid regularity. There are lots of steering strokes to be used in bow that are very important in making landings, in turning around, in rough weather paddling, and in stream work. In fact in real river work, with swift water, the bow is the captain. Of course, in ordinary paddling, bow does only what stern asks unless stern has told her, for instance, to help make a landing, or help hold a given course.

Naturally you want to learn to be the helmsman, but develop a good endurance first, and master all the simple bow steering strokes. It looks easy and, once mastered, it is. But at first you do strange things in attempting to "trip." At the end of your stroke you make a turn of the upper wrist that drops the knuckles and causes the front of the blade to turn in parallel to the side of the canoe, then back and out of the water. Watch the course of the blade in the water as you do this and see it is a "J." Exaggerate the forward part of the stroke at the end till you get the feel of the push against the water. You will see your bow turn toward your paddle and have thus learned how to turn the boat in that direction. Now it is just a question of practising until you learn to gauge instinctively how much or how little of that trip you need in order to keep the canoe going straight

ahead. Pick an object and paddle for it, asking your bow to do nothing but help give momentum. At first, even though she slows her stroke for you, you will keep missing some in order to steer, but after a bit you'll keep pace with any bow.

To turn the boat away from the side on which you are paddling, you sweep the blade through the water in an arc like a "C," or use strokes you have learned as bow.

There is so much that is fascinating to learn about canoeing that you will want to practise and read and ask questions of good canoeemen, but remember that not all people who have paddled for years are good canoeemen. If you have not learned the effects of wind, how to watch for it and prepare for the gusts, how to take the waves when they are big and know that your endurance is equal to the job ahead, take no chances. The wise canoeeman studies the situation and gets all the information possible before deciding to start out under difficult circumstances. There are few things more worth while or more thrilling than to battle wind and waves or current and feel your power and experience equal to the occasion.

Don't try to paddle alone in a canoe until you paddle tandem well, then practise in a sheltered place. Next try in a light breeze. You will immediately discover that the empty end of

the canoe is blown away from the wind. By changing your place or turning around in the boat you can utilize this fact, letting the empty stern act as rudder when going into the wind and your light bow do the same if you are going with it. The more you know about canoeing the more you will love it all.

I hope that that crowning joy to a canoeer will come to each of you—the day when, with full duffle bags, you step into a canoe for a real trip—several days at least. I know your back and arms will ache from portaging and the long pulls that are sure to come, but what indeed are such considerations against the delights of living hour after hour with, in, by, and alongside of your canoe?

FROM THE EDITOR:

There are few who know more about the art of canoeing than Eleanor Deming. As one of the Directors of Camp Miramichi at Merrill, New York, she spends many summer hours showing girls how to be at home in their canoes. Her suggestions are made from a very wide experience among girl canoeers.—H. F.



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The Secret Cargo

(Continued from page 18)

tain Weeks kept rubbing his nose and looking as if he'd make trouble for somebody."

Susan Lafitte dropped her voice to a cautious whisper.

"I tell you, Ann," she began thoughtfully, "it wouldn't surprise me if this affair last night, whatever it was, had something to do with our stolen letters. And if so, we'll find out sooner or later what is behind it all."

"We'll hold our tongues," Ann Anderson agreed, "say nothing about seeing the light on Red Shoal, nothing about hearing those explosions. I'd tell ordinarily, tell anyone beside Captain Weeks. We'll let him find it out himself this time, he's so good at deductions."

They had turned from the window. So intent they were on what they had to say, that they did not see two boats pulling toward the harbor, one from the mainland village of Cabbage Point and the other from the direction of Red Shoal Island. This second was a low, heavy craft, a stranger to the Windy Island waters. Fishermen lifting nets had seen it once or twice; it had passed each time without hailing.

The doctor's boat pulled into the pier first, a gay, white-painted little vessel, more like a pleasure yacht than a seat boat, with a canvas awning on her short deck, and round ports ringed with brass in her engine compartment.

George Bell, the doctor's son, whom Ann had known since she went to school in Cabbage Point, stood soberly at the steering wheel, an old sou'wester pushed back on his red curls, his stubby nose sniffing the chill, gusty morning air as if he had no liking for it. His father, who leaned at his elbow, was a tall, stoop-shouldered man, with a spiked black beard, and slow, thoughtful eyes under heavy brows.

The white boat glided into the warped, ugly pier at the coast guard station, thumped once or twice against cedar piling, and kicked up white water under its stern, while young George Bell made it fast with mooring lines. The doctor, without waiting to help him, walked rapidly to the station.

Before the door closed upon him, the second boat had banged its bow upon the piling. A tall man in a blue flannel shirt and lumberman's breeches made it fast. Then, hurriedly, as if a great need for haste were pounding at his back, he ran toward George Bell and asked for help.

The doctor's son assisted in lifting another man overside. He was a tall individual and limp as a sack of wool. He dragged his feet as the man and boy bundled him up the pier, and would have fallen had they released their hands.

"Why, Sue!" Ann Anderson cried, turning back to the window. "There's another! Going in now—another man who's been hurt! That other boat—see—they're inside! You're too late!"

She stared out again at the white front of the coast guard station near by on the low sand dune.

"We might go over," Ann suggested, "and listen. Father would want to know."

The wind that had been making since sun-up plucked at their skirts as the two girls crossed the open, sandy reaches from the lighthouse gate to the coast-guard door. An official flag symbolizing storm fluttered at the top of the station pole, saying as plainly as if it spoke: "Look out! There's a gale coming!"

Ann led Susan Lafitte boldly into the coast-guard vestibule. All they could see from there of the room within was Duck Ludlow lying upon a cot directly opposite the door, his face showing gray through patches of beard and dirt, his eyes closed. Across the opening Doctor Bell passed rapidly, his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, with a wad of white cloth in his hand.

"You're suffering from shock, that's all," he said to someone whom the girls could not see. "You'll be fit as a fiddle in a few days. Just a flesh wound. How'd you get it?"

"I was caught by a pack of sneaks and cowards," a voice answered from behind an angle of the wall, a strong, gentle voice. "I was attending my own affairs when a set of thieves tried to surprise me."

Susan Lafitte started. She reached convulsively for Ann's hand, immediately dropped it.

Duck Ludlow opened his eyes. "That," he accused, pointing weakly with his left arm toward the man who had spoken, "is one of them pirates that tried to take my boat away from me!"

"Eh?" the other cried. "Pirate, you say? Take care, my fellow! Listen, Captain. You are a government officer? That man and half a dozen other scoundrels attacked me and my men last night. First they stole our dynamite, and tried to frighten us away by exploding it. We fought them off. One of them at least got a hard fall. . . ."

Susan Lafitte abandoned Ann's arm, almost pushing her away, and sprang into the big room before Ann could hold her back. Ann plunged after her. Stretched out on the table lay a big, thin man, with straight, full lips and grave eyes. He was shaking a long finger at the pair of fishermen across the room. Doctor Bell stood over him, the roll of bandage still in his hand and a troubled expression on his face. Captain Weeks had taken his pipe from his mouth and leaned, scowling, against the door, with the bowl of the pipe upside down.

Sue flung toward the table. "Father!" she cried, "Father, you're hurt!"

The man raised up unbelievably. "Susan!" he whispered. "Little Sue! You! What are you doing here?"

"Father!" Sue cried again. "Father, I've needed you, tell me. . . ."

"That's the man that hit Duck on the head!" Harpoon Bales accused.

Susan's father sat up dizzily. "I want there to be no mistake," he began. "I am Robert Lafitte. You have

(Continued on page 45)

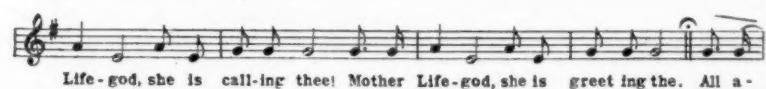
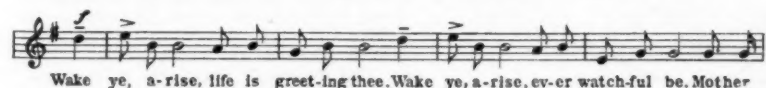
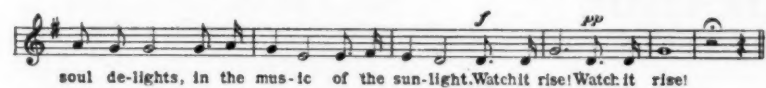
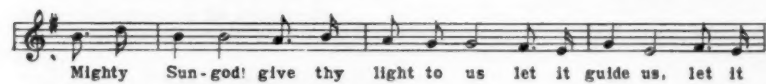
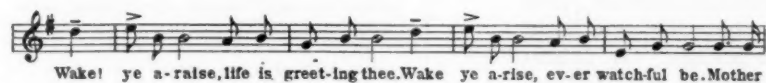
Tell your tent mate about "The American Girl"



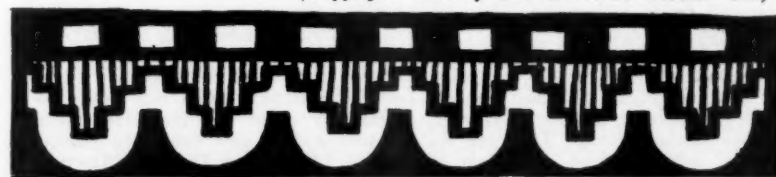
The Zuni Sunrise Call

Many of you will want to sing the beautiful Sunrise Song of the Zuni Indians, which appears on our poem page this month—we know of one camp which is waked every Sunday morning by a little group of singers who walk between the rows of tents singing it—so we are giving the music below.

The decoration on the page is also a real Zuni design—in the center is the symbol for the rising sun with descending stars on each side. At the bottom of the page, the rising and falling of sound is pictured.



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Venus
SANITARY
SPECIALTIES

Haunted Houses

(Concluded from page 36)

everybody in the countryside had seen the Old Lady and nobody dared at twilight to venture near the Haunted Orchard. It grieves me to say that the first person who dared address her was a farmer who had drunk too much liquor. When he saw the Old Lady hobbling along on her stick, he said impolitely:

"Well, what are you doing here? Why are you always hanging about, I want to know?"

She didn't speak. I suppose she was too happy. She just pointed with her stick to the stump of an old apple tree and waited.

The farmer wasn't too intoxicated to guess her meaning. He got some friends and shovels and began to dig. When the hoard was discovered, the ghost of Mrs. Sykes was seen for the last time. When the last jar was lifted out, a beatific smile illumined her face; and her heroic old figure melted into thin air, never to be seen again.

From the Editor:—The stories of Glamis and of Mrs. Sykes are taken from the collection of ghost stories, *Haunted Houses*, by Charles G. Harper, published by Lippincott. They are retold here with the kind permission of the publishers.

Brave Girls

(Continued from page 19)

The Mother, with her baby in her arms, fought her way out. Mr. Pape and Evelyn and Louise rushed up the stairway to warn the four younger children who were asleep on the third floor.

No sooner had they reached the top of the stairs than it burst into flames behind them . . . and cut off their exit.

Warily, Mr. Pape crawled to the window sill, keeping his head close to the floor to avoid the rolling clouds of smoke. He jumped from the window, and rushed for a ladder. Meanwhile Evelyn and Louise helped the smaller children to safety. They crawled with them to the window, soothing their fears, unmindful of their own smarting eyes and aching throats. Not until the last child had lowered himself down the ladder to safety did the two girls follow them.

Though the house was completely destroyed, the family was uninjured, and, as Mr. Pape explained, they feel that they owe their lives to the courage and quick action of their two daughters.

From far-off Hawaii we hear of another sort of cooperation.

Masako Sakamoto's mother sold candies and post cards on the long pier at Hilo, Hawaii. Each day the nine-year-old girl helped her mother arrange her wares, then played with the other children on the dock. Blind man's buff was the game, and Masako was "it." The voices of her playmates led her on.

"Here I am. Here I am," they called to her from all sides. She ran to the place where the voices seemed to come . . . and stepped off the side of the dock into the water, thirty-five or forty feet deep!

The children screamed, and their shouts attracted the attention of Isabelle Keliipio who was walking on the pier. Without stopping to take off her shoes and stockings or even her hat, she dove into the water, and swam toward the Japanese girl, who, still blindfolded and sputtering, was trying to keep her head above the water.

Isabelle is fourteen years old, and not very large. In spite of the strong current, however, she towed Masako to the shore and dragged her out on the rocks which surround the harbor, safe.

The National Standards Committee, who have awarded the Bronze Life Saving Cross to Evelyn, to Louise, and to Isabelle, have recognized in their brave deeds the sort of spirit that they are proud to have the Girl Scouts show.

A word from the Editor

Commodore Longfellow of the Life Saving Division, American Red Cross, says that last summer more Girl Scouts were awarded the Junior Life Saving Emblem than ever before. Will you, too, join this splendid group of girls? The Girl Scout booklet on *Life Saving* (price fifteen cents from the National Equipment Department) will help you. Information about all the Life Saving awards will be sent you, upon request, by the Life Saving Division, American Red Cross Building, Washington, D. C.

Earn your summer vacation as Julie did—see page 35

The Secret Cargo

(Concluded from page 42)

heard of me, Captain. You had word from your district superintendent with instructions to help me."

"I did not!" Captain Weeks contradicted, and bulged out his chin. "I never heard o' you. I've heard o' Lafittes enough, worse be it, but no Robert till now."

"Your superintendent . . ." Lafitte began again.

"District Superintendent? Listen, stranger! I'll not be took in by that rolling tongue of yours any more than I was by your girl's. I'm a decent man, sir, and careful, and I've never took up much with strangers or pirates! So I'll ask you, beggin' your pardon, to lie still just where you're at, till I can get you off to Whitefish. . . ."

"What do you mean by pirates?" Robert Lafitte demanded. "I tell you, these men attacked me last night!"

"Attack-ted you?" Captain Weeks bulged out his chin another quarter inch. He glared at Susan. "You are under arrest, sir," he told her father, "along with this girl of yours. Robbing the mails and trying to steal a boat, no matter if it's nothing but Harpoon Bales' fish boat that everybody knows is ready to sink, is two things the coast guard don't stand by and watch!"

"Arrest!" Lafitte shouted heatedly. "What do you mean?"

"I'll take ye to Whitefish jail myself soon's this bit o' weather has blowed itself out."

"Do you mean my daughter is under arrest?" Robert Lafitte cried again.

Captain Weeks turned his broad blue back.

"Come, sir," he directed Dr. Bell. "Tend these others. Honest fishermen."

Imagine Sue's feelings over this sudden appearance of her father! Not to mention Ann's. What could he have been doing in the night on a remote island? Perhaps Captain Weeks is correct, after all. Adventure a-plenty is coming in *The Secret Cargo* before these questions can be answered and the mystery untangled. In September—further clues.

The Story So Far

After a winter of rooming together at school in Whitefish, on Lake Michigan, Sue Lafitte and Ann Anderson plan a vacation visit to the government lighthouse of which Ann's father is keeper and where Ann's home is. Susan is depressed over her father's failure to appear for farewell. Nor does she seem to know what is his business, nor why he disappears after seeing her.

Hurrying to the boat which is to carry them to Four Wind Island, the girls encounter the postmaster who unexpectedly entrusts them with a packet of mail for the coast-guard station near the lighthouse. As Ann takes the packet, Sue is suddenly aware of a mysterious man with crooked legs who is watching them from behind a lamp post.

Ann quiets Sue's fears, which are forgotten in the start of the lake trip. At

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midnight, however, Sue is awakened by a noise in their stateroom, and by the dim night light she distinctly sees the malignant, crooked-legged man of the afternoon steal out the door. She screams and wakes Ann. Their first thought is for the mail. It is gone!

The captain and crew can shed no light on the robbery. The thief has vanished completely. Perhaps he jumped ashore as the boat left Sugar Loaf Island. And what can have been in the packet of mail to make him want it?

Next morning, greatly worried, the girls arrive at Four Wind Island and the lighthouse. In their excitement at seeing Ann's father, for a few moments they forget the lost mail. Captain Weeks,

an old Tartar, is immediately inquisitive because Sue's last name, Lafitte, is the same as that of a famous pirate on the Great Lakes. Then the mail is mentioned! Ann explains about the robbery but finds to her dismay that the steamer has already departed, leaving her and Sue without the help of the captain. Captain Weeks does not believe the girls' story, and intimates that Sue must know more than she will tell. He questions Sue about herself and especially about her father. When Sue is forced to admit that she does not know what her father is doing, his indignation grows, and after an hour of bullying, he places Sue under arrest, announcing that she must stay in the lighthouse or its immediate vicinity.

The great, thrilling moment of "The Secret Cargo" in September



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Summer Books

For Lazy Days and Brisk Ones

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

The other day the leader of a girls' reading circle asked me for advice on an author to follow the great Victorians whose novels they had been reading—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. (By the way, if you should form one of those reading-circles, with a good leader, you would have a wonderful time with these novels, which are as new now as when they were written.) I told her to read the *Clinton novels* of Archibald Marshall. This is a series of novels about the members of one family and their friends, the household of Squire Clinton, a wealthy, old-fashioned and opinionated English gentleman of very old family, living on a beautiful estate in the country—a regular little principality where he is a determined but kind-hearted ruler. Stories like these—*The Eldest Son*, *The Squire's Daughter*, *The Honour of the Clintons*, *The Old Order Changeth*—are the next best thing to an actual visit to these delightful people, and indeed people so reserved as they are, would not be likely to let you find out in real life as much as the author tells you. The humor of the talk and the charm of the countryside make Archibald Marshall's stories so delightful that when I moved last fall, for the first time in ten years, and everything was torn up, I kept his novels out of the packing cases and read them every night, to refresh myself after the chaos.

The most amusing members of this family are a pair of twins, "Joan 'n' Nancy," as they are generally called by their harassed but adoring governess, for they are always together and generally up to something. Now Mr. Marshall has had the bright idea of taking all the parts of all the novels in which "the twankies" appear and making out of these a new book just about them, called *Joan and Nancy* (Dodd, Mead), and I recommend it to you very strongly as

one of the jolliest stories for girls that I know. I hope it will lead you to read the original novels in which the other members of this fascinating family appear, and when you do, you will find that this book has not in the least spoiled the novels for you by telling you what they were all about. You begin with these two enterprising young persons as they are turning into their teens and by the last chapter they are both married—one to an Earl, by the way.

There is a new story from one of your best friends, Augusta Huiell Seaman, *The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes* (Century). This time it is about a somewhat younger girl: Barbara is twelve years old when her grandfather sets her a mystery to solve. In his will he leaves her a tiny key, with which to open seven successive keyholes—if she can find where they are—in a deserted house and discover something that I certainly won't tell you. It is like those "treasure hunts" where you work your way along by finding clues, but—Oh well, you'll have to find out for yourself how it is different.

I put the stories first this month, but if I had been arranging the books I am introducing to you in order of usefulness I would have begun with *Simplified Nursing in the Home*, by Florence Dakin, R. N. (This means, not Royal Navy, but Registered Nurse, and is a proud and honorable title) because it is one of the most practical handbooks on this subject that I have read, and you know how important this subject is to a Girl Scout. It is a textbook arranged in regular lessons, just as if you were attending classes in home nursing: the introduction says that classes in nursing may be taught by the use of this book, which is by the inspector of the schools of nursing in the State of New Jersey. This is a book to have ready for possible use.

What it means to be a girl on a newspaper, in September

You won't have time to send out for a guide to home nursing when there is sickness in the house; but if you do have to look up something in a great hurry, it is so arranged that you can find it easily. I've just been in a hospital getting my arm mended and recognize many things in this book, but it is as the mother of a family that I recommend it, for I was greatly helped in domestic emergencies by a book on nursing, a good one, too, but not so detailed and comprehensive as this.

Another book that Girl Scouts will find valuable is *Individual Gymnastics*, by Lillian Curtis Drew (Lea and Febiger). This is a hand-book of corrective and remedial gymnastics, and the author is director of the department of corrective gymnastics at the Central Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, New York City, and has won many other honors. I am always very careful about recommending books on gymnastics for girls, because if they are not all they should be, they can do more harm than good. Miss Drew, however, has done so much good and has set down the result of a wide experience so clearly that the book will be of high value to teachers and students of physical education, and there are many of these among Girl Scouts. Even the general reader will be at once interested in the chapters on shoes, on feet, on clothing and on posture.

Now one book more, and that unlike any other I have talked about with you. Forget for the rest of this page that I am your book-editor, and let me talk to you a moment just as one woman to another, you older girls, please. You know, don't you, that I am a hard-working, every-day, plain person who loves dogs and music and swimming and going to the theatre and reading rousing good stories. Well, then, you may be more ready to believe me when I say that there is nothing in all the world so important as your religion and nothing so beautiful as the habit of thinking about God, and so of loving Him. *The Girl's Every Day Book* (Woman's Press) is made up of short chapters, some only a paragraph and none more than a page, about all sorts of things a girl thinks about when she is trying to get her thoughts clear on religion, on what she wants to make of her life, on what life is anyway and what it's for. The book is friendly and it doesn't "lay down the law": it just sets you thinking for yourself. There is a bit for every day but the days are not dated, so if you feel like reading on quite a way there is nothing to stop you. Don't get the idea that thoughts like these are only for Sunday: you don't wait for Sunday to breathe, do you? Well, real religion is like good fresh air.



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The Garden Camp and Bernice

(Continued from page 34)

him out, or I shouldn't be happy all year. And Marion kindly stayed with me to help," indicating me with a grand gesture of the shears. She looked longer at the visiting lady, who was gasping something like, "Yes. Yes. Of course." Quite without comprehension. And the owner by this time was sitting on one of the steps looking restful.

So Bernice went on to the visitor, "Why just think how you would feel if your arms and legs and fingers and hair were all snarled up together, and bunched around your middle, when you wanted to grow hard out in all directions—upward and not down, outward and not in, forward and not back. And if you couldn't get enough to eat or breathe, although you sucked till you nearly burst! Why, I never see any plants that they aren't people to me, and either they make me so happy because they are so comfortable and joyous, or so unhappy because they are cramped or cut or dwarfed or overtaxed or hungry or thirsty or something. And then I am just possessed if I can't make them comfortable."

Then she simply beamed at our owner-lady. "Do you know," she said, "that I think the happiest part of all this camp vacation has been the chance to make so many plants with lovely characters and fine constitutions well again. And don't they look happy too! They are just people—when they are well and things are right with them they show it, and they just ask for things which they need and can't get themselves."

Now isn't that the wildest fancy! Plants just like people! But do you know, it gets you in the end. And in lots more ways they are alike than just those Bernice mentioned. I have never been able to get away from it since. And what is more, I can't get away from wanting to stop right then and there and help it whenever I see one who isn't happy. Just as you want to stop and help a person when you see one that is unhappy. And I'm always doing it, too.

But I have thought further than Bernice said then. I think the other way round, that people are often like plants, too.

And I am always thinking that some person is so well situated, with sunshine and wind and all the conditions so that he is growing naturally and normally; or that another is too crowded and is reaching gaspingly for light and air; or that this one needs a trellis or strings to climb with; or that one is growing all over the place and needs pruning. Only it is harder to make opportunities to help people than plants. But fortunately there aren't so many of them!



To new subscribers 5 months for 50c

She Forgot She Was a Lady

(Continued from page 13)

straight as before and she had little hope now of being like the other girls.

But she forgot her troubles in the excitement of baseball. Tony pitched better and better and they felt sure of beating Zeiderstown. Miss Elsie was as excited as the scholars and went to all the practices.

The day of the game was bright and sunny and many people came out to the field. Uncle Bennie was there and all the other directors and some of the fathers of the village. Miss Elsie and the girls sat on low benches along the side. Susan could watch Tony's every move. He was so handsome and his manner was so gentlemanly that she thrilled with admiration.

But she was worried about Humpie, who had got himself appointed umpire. Set against Miss Elsie as he was, Susan felt that he would bring no good to the team.

She was right. She knew it as soon as the game was well started. Something was going wrong with Tony's pitching. Boy after boy took his base on balls. Humpie would call out each failure in loud, triumphant tones. Every time he took off his mask Susan could see him laugh at the boys' discomfiture.

Tony got more and more excited. Susan saw the blood burning in his face. The girls did not know what was the matter. But Susan did. Tony was good on curves and Humpie was taking advantage of every one which skipped the corner of the plate to call out, "Ball." Tony tried to pitch straight, but each ball was wilder than the previous one. There were cries of "Out with the pitcher. We need a new one."

Tony's shoulders drooped disconsolately. All his confidence was gone. He was slowly but surely going into disfavor. Susan began to tremble. Her heart ached for him. Humpie was humbling and disgracing him and making him lose just because he did not want Miss Elsie's school to have the pennant.

Something must be done. She looked wildly about, at the girls, at Humpie, at Tony's despairing face. She turned to Emmy, who was next to her.

"It's wicked, Emmy, wicked. Tony's all right. It's not a new pitcher we need. It's a new umpire. Come on. I can't stand it. Let's—let's chase him."

Emmy glanced doubtfully at her white, high-heeled shoes. Then she looked at Tony and she, too, was filled with pity.

"Come on, girls. Susan has right," she called. And they were off, straight across the field. Humpie was resting for a moment, chewing vigorously at his tobacco. Something in Susan's advance must have warned him, for when they were almost upon him he started to run. But he was too late. They pounded, they pinched, they kicked, and it was full two minutes before he could break away. Down the hill he fled, his coat-tails flying. He did not stop to look

(Continued on the next page)

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She Forgot She Was a Lady

(Concluded from page 49)

back. Only Susan followed—all the way until she was sure he was safe in his own front door.

When she turned to go back she walked very slowly. It came over her in a flash what she had done. She had proved herself the tomboy they called her. And that wasn't the worst. She remembered now, when it was too late. Miss Elsie had followed and called with pleading voice for her to come back. Miss Elsie had failed in discipline before them all. They would think that Humpie was right. She'd lose her job and even Uncle Bennie couldn't save her.

Then she almost stumbled over Miss Elsie, sitting on the bank beside the road. She was crying just like a little girl. Susan wanted to cry, too.

Miss Elsie took her hand. "You did it for the best, Susan. Humpie was mean because he hates me. They're all against me and I'm a failure, and I won't get any certificate."

"Uncle Bennie ain't." Susan quivered with excitement. "He likes you. He thinks your curls are beautiful. Mebbe he can fix the directors. Here he comes, hunting for me, I guess. I'll ask him."

Uncle Bennie came swinging along, looking about anxiously for Susan. He stopped short when he saw them.

"What's the matter, Elsie—I mean Miss Bower? Who's been hurting you?"

Miss Elsie only shook her head. Susan had to answer. "She says nobody likes

her and they'll put her out and she won't get no certificate. You're much for her, ain't you, Uncle Bennie?—and she is good on discipline—only not with me, because I'm yet a tomboy."

Uncle Bennie wrinkled his forehead and tried to look cross. "I could say I liked a certain party if I had the language to suit that party. But I ain't—I mean I'm not fitted in words to do it."

Miss Elsie got up and looked straight at Uncle Bennie. She half smiled. "If you can't talk my way maybe I can talk yours, Mr. Benjamin." Then she said something which sounded just like it was from a book.

"When a person's heart is kind, the language doesn't matter. It's always understood."

Uncle Bennie took a step forward but stopped and turned to Susan. "You settled Humpie, Susan. You're all right. You go along up to the field. The game was nearly over when I came to look for you. They did get a new umpire and our boys were winning."

Susan was very glad for that. She walked slowly up the hill. When she reached the top she saw the crowd coming from the field. Tony was in the midst surrounded by the boys and girls. She could see that his head was high and that he was very happy. She felt that she could not meet him so she turned up a lane and sat on the fence.

It was no use, she thought, her head in her hand. She was hopeless. It took

such ages to learn and she had no one to help her. Tony would be gone away before her hair would grow or curl, or she could become a young lady like the other girls.

And then she looked up to see that he had left the boys and was coming across the field toward her. His hat was in his hand and his dark eyes were shining.

"You saved the game for me, Susan—I mean Miss Weismuller. I want to thank you."

Susan got very red and began to laugh. Then she remembered to have manners. "You're much welcome, Mr. de Petra."

Tony kicked the fence and got red, too. Finally he spoke. "May I go along the rest of the way home with you?"

Susan jumped down quickly. She wanted to run but remembered in time. "Yes, well! It ain't very far but I'd be pleased if you'd come along if you'd feel for it."

She settled into a sedate walk beside him, trying to swish her skirts as Emmy did. She could not talk and Tony was quiet, too. He kept looking at her head and her heart sank again.

"Mom won't give me the dare to let my hair grow long like other girls, so I got to look like a tomboy."

"Let it grow long!" There was horror in Tony's voice. "You wouldn't do that, would you? All the ladies wear it short in the cities, even the mothers. Why, you're the only stylish girl in the village."

Susan was stunned. Finally she gasped. "There's Miss Elsie?"

"Miss Elsie? Oh, Miss Elsie!" Tony waved her away with graceful hand. "She has curls."

Again Susan gasped. "Is it that curls ain't stylish either, Tony?"

"No, indeed. *Passé*—passed, Father says. Like yours it is now, right up to the minute. And I'll bring you a present to-morrow. I won't forget—"

Next evening they were all sitting in the kitchen. Susan was reading her *Ivanhoe* in peace. Her face was very happy. She looked up as she caught Josh's words.

"Tony says that Miss Elsie's the most stylish teacher in the township."

"Och, he's foolin'," from Jake. "Why, she's got hair like a man's excepting that it makes curly."

"Yes, well!" Josh's tone was important. "All the ladies in the city has been wearing it that way this long while back a'ready. Tony's pop knows."

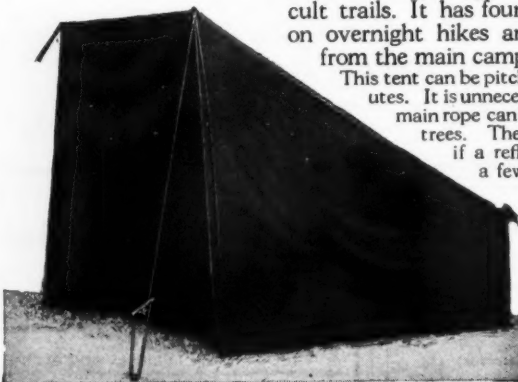
Uncle Bennie looked straight at Susan. Then he threw his head back and laughed. She understood now. He'd known, too, all along. He gave her a sly wink.

"My opinion about the lady in question is entirely with Tony. How'd you like her for an aunt, Susan? Then there'll be two stylish ones in the family."

But Susan had forgotten teacher. Her fingers closed tightly over the bottle which Tony had given her. On the label were the magic words: "For a lady's bobbed hair. Guaranteed to keep it straight and flat and shining."

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The Peace Daughters of Capilano

(Continued from page 8)

guests were worthy of the feast, and waiting on them were hundreds of war-slaves brought from other lands.

At one end sat the Great King, and opposite at the other end the two beautiful, blushing maidens. Proud beyond words was Capilano. This seemed indeed the crowning day of his life, with all the world to do him homage and his two lovely daughters entering womanhood ready indeed for the crowning of his hopes. And he was wise, too, in his hoping. He knew the instincts that were ready, stirring to serve his purpose. He had not overlooked any move in the game. Next to one beautiful daughter, Wihla, he had seated Young Kaga, only twenty-five years of age but already a famous war-chief, whose title was "The Fifty-Killer." He was tall and beautiful to look upon, pleasing of speech, beloved of women. And the King, watching, mightily rejoiced when he saw the tender glances and whisperings that passed between Young Kaga and the maid. By Wihuash, the other daughter, he had placed Kalek, an older man than Kaga, but still in his prime, the most famous of all the war-chiefs. His title was "The Hundred-Killer," and in power he stood next to the King.

And the crafty old King was pleased when he saw the great Kalek and the Princess whispering together and eating from the same bowl.

When the feast was over and the sacred Pipe smoked round, the King spoke thus:

"My war chiefs, my councillors, my people, ye are here assembled for the great Potlatch, the coming-out feast of my two daughters. They are now to be accounted marriageable women and on this their Potlatch I promise them that they may ask whatsoever they will and I will grant it."

Then stood up those two bright-eyed and comely daughters and whispered together and one speaking for both said, "Is it true, O Father, that we may ask *whatsoever* we will and you will grant it?"

"Absolutely," said the father. "There is nothing that I, the King, cannot grant. There is nothing that you may not ask this day and it shall surely be yours. I, Capilano, have spoken." He knew perfectly well what they were going to ask. Had he not cleverly guided and led them into it? Without being told he could see that one daughter was going to say, "Give me this day to Kaga for his wife and the other to Kalek."

Then spoke one daughter for both, "This, then, O Father, is the request of your two daughters:

"That you set free these slaves who have waited on us to-day and send them back to their own people, and send them back not empty, but load them with gifts and give them safe conduct, and send by them a message of comfort to their people, to say that never more need they fear the warriors of Capilano. And send out also your swiftest scouts after

the war canoes up the coast and down the coast and after the war parties over the snowpeaks, and bid them stop all fighting, yea, even though they be at the moment of a great victory. They shall stop the fight, set free the captives, return their spoils, bid the conquered foe have no more fear. And proclaim throughout all the earth that the end of war is decreed. Now shall there be only peace and good-will, for the Peace of Capilano is over all the world so long as the name and power of Capilano shall endure.

"This, O Father, is the wish of your two daughters."

The King sprang to his feet and staggered as though he had been clubbed. He seized his own hair plaits in his hand and strained at them, as he glared away over the heads of his daughters and gritted his teeth.

In the silence at last the King spoke, and his words hissed out like separate arrows: "My daughters, my daughters, ye have brought me very low. All my life have I been a fighting man. My chiefest joy has been to stand in the prow of my great war canoe and lead my band of heroes in the glory of the fight. My hope has been to have a son, a fighting man who would take up the bow and spear when my hand became too weak or weary, and carry on the name and fame of Capilano, King of all the earth.

"My hope and last wish was that when my time came, I should get out the old war canoe and man it with those that are left of my fighting crew, and standing in the prow I should shoot and fight, and fighting die.

"And now ye have reft me of that joy. Nevertheless I have given my word. The word of Capilano cannot be broken. I grant your request, but ye have broken my heart.

"Go forth, ye slaves, ye are free. Go see to all their wants, you, my brave warriors. Send blessed medicine tokens with them, my wise men. Go forth, ye scouts, after every war party, a trusty scout to proclaim the end of war.. Go."

No one stirred.

"Go," thundered the King and he reached for his war bow and arrows.

They sprang to their feet to obey. He glared till the warriors all had gone.

With rolling eyes and moving but silent lips the King glared round the empty hall, tottered, staggered, fell forward and lay still on the matting.

There was a dead hush and a long, long pause. Then old Mowala went slowly forward. He raised up the King so all could see his face, and they knew that Great Capilano was dead.

Then in the snow peaks far beyond there came the rumbling of a mighty thunder. And a cloud came rolling down between the peaks. It filled the valley and the canyon. It filled the village and the feast hall; and the thunder grew louder and shaped itself into a voice. And all knew it for the voice of Sagalie-Tye, the Great Spirit; ever louder it sounded in the Feast Hall and spoke:



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"My daughters, ye have done that for which ye were sent. Come now back to me and I will set ye on high, a monument for all time."

The voice ceased, and when the cloud rolled away, the daughters of the King were gone. But that day there appeared two new and glorious peaks in the sea chain of the mountains, higher than those around, twin peaks, looking alike, tall and stately as two women, draped from crown to waist with eternal snow and looking forever across the sun-down sea.

The white men call them the "Lions of Vancouver," but we Indians know better. We know that they are the Peace Daughters of King Capilano.

Then ask your mother to renew for your Christmas

The Land of the Seven Kingdoms

(Continued from page 26)

"Yes," Monroe agreed, "on Bowling Green, a week ago. I untangled Miss Kortright from a thorn bush."

Robert grinned impishly.

"Behold!" he cried in a grandiloquent manner. "The Prince of the Seven Kingdoms! Even in the Eighteenth Century I find that fairy tales are true."

The Livingstons looked at him in amused curiosity, and comically he told about the happening on the Green the week before as his sister had described it to him. The tale lost nothing through his version, and Eliza wanted to shake him, because the moment was very embarrassing to her. But the music began just then, and away she tripped beside the lawmaker from Virginia.

"He's young!" she thought as she moved to the melody through the great room, colorful and brilliant in the glow of its many candles and the greenery, flags, and bunting that draped ceiling and walls. "It is quite wonderful to be a Congressman when no older than that."

"I'm older than you think," Monroe said when she mentioned it to him. "I'll soon be twenty-seven. But I feel about eighteen." Then, impulsively he added, "You look marvelous tonight. I am happy to have saved your dress from the water."

"Why did you not tell me then that you are a Congressman?" Eliza asked curiously.

He hesitated a moment, as if turning something over in his mind. Then he said, "Something told me I would enjoy surprising you when we met at the ball tonight. I am glad now that I did, for it has been even nicer that I imagined it could be."

Eliza felt that the evening was beginning beautifully. She had an idea that she would like it if they could have the next dance together, and the next one after that, and so on for a while. Such an arrangement would have pleased Monroe also, but Pretty Polly Kortright was entirely too popular to permit of its being carried out. Other young men came to claim her as soon as the Grand March was over, and as Robert said, "She whisked through half a dozen different dances with half a dozen admiring and different partners."

But Monroe came back and they danced together again and again. And several times they sat through dances and talked, and somehow talking was every bit as pleasant as swinging to the music. The young Congressman told of his plans and hopes for the future, of the things he wanted life to give him, and somehow believed that it would, of his home in the South that was like a different world from New York, in an oak-tufted valley in Westmoreland County, Virginia, where he was born and had spent his boyhood.

"It is near Monticello, the home of my friend Thomas Jefferson," he explained. "This summer I must be in other places to attend to some business, so I cannot go back as soon as the congressional session ends. But next year Jefferson and I plan to spend the time together at his house. And some day I intend to build a home of my own there,

it that Eliza meant, "At least I shall be there."

So in a buoyant mood they both left the ballroom, looking forward to the morrow.

A year went by, and delightful things came into the life of Eliza Kortright and James Monroe. As he suggested that he might do, he went calling the evening following the ball, and found that beside a one-time British officer and his son, his daughter was also at home. Being with them proved so pleasant that he went again and again, and as he did, he began to realize that it would be difficult to go back to Virginia even to visit Thomas Jefferson without the society of Pretty Polly Kortright.

So one night he wrote a letter to his friend saying, "As you know, we planned more than a year ago that I should spend the summer with you at Monticello. But since that plan was made, I have met Captain Kortright's daughter and come to know her well. Having formed an attachment for this young lady, I must relinquish all other objects not connected with her."

So he and Eliza were married and traveled to Virginia together, and there, near Fredricksburg, they built a house with Doric columns and porticoes facing southward. They called it Oak Hill, for it stood on a knoll cushioned with oak trees and commanded a view of the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers and the Virginia lowlands. Robert teasingly called it "The Castle of the Seven Kingdoms," for he remembered Eliza's speech of long before about the princess of the ballad and her prince. But Polly did not mind that. She knew that in his heart her brother hoped the new home would prove to be as happy for her as the castle was to the princess. And she found it, indeed, such a heaven of a place that she felt she never wished to go away.

But she had married a man who was not permitted to dwell quietly on a country estate, for he had the ability and patriotism to serve his land in big ways. Again he was elected to Congress, and Eliza and James Monroe returned to the north, living for a while in New York, then in Philadelphia when the capital was moved back there. Next, Washington appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and James and Eliza, and the two daughters who had come to them, sailed away to the old world.

The story of Eliza Monroe in Paris is the tale of a courageous, brilliant, beautiful woman triumphing over obstacles that would have baffled many. France was then in the grip of the Revolution, and the common people were massed against the nobility. Just to be an aristocrat was deemed a crime, and it was almost



A Tribute to a Friend

Since Katherine Dunlap Cather, our loved friend, wrote this story, she has left us. The day she went to the hospital, from which she did not return, she completed a story for *The American Girl*.

Katherine Dunlap Cather was a true friend of girls. Her eyes were bright when she talked of them. And each time that I saw her, she had new plans for what she would write for them. To the readers of our magazine she brought many charmed moments. We shall miss her greatly.

But to us all, from her zest in living, from her belief in us, she has left us a heritage in her memory and in her books, of which her most recent are, *Girlhood Stories of Famous Women*, and *Boyhood Stories of Famous Men*, published by the Century Company. H.F.

for I know I shall never find another place I like so well."

So swiftly the moments flew in their keen enjoyment of each other that before either of them realized how late it was, Robert Livingston called for partners to group for the last dance of the evening, and the jolliest one of those days, the Virginia Reel. Again Eliza and James Monroe took their places together, and when the music ended and people began saying good-night, the young Congressman remarked, "You said that night on Bowling Green that you wanted your father and mother to know who it was that had helped you. I'd like to visit them both as soon as possible. Do you suppose they will be at home tomorrow night?"

Eliza's eyes twinkled mischievously. "I cannot be sure without asking them," she replied. "But you might come and see. Very likely *somebody* will be there."

Monroe flashed a happy smile at her, for he knew as well as if she had said

Good looks and where to find them—a new series next month

impossible for a foreign ambassador's wife to be just and humane without making enemies for her country. But Eliza Monroe was well equipped for that difficult task. She was regally beautiful, tall, dark-eyed and slender, and with a carriage so pleasing that one of her friends declared she was "as graceful as a swan on quiet water." From early girlhood she had moved in the most cultured society of her own land, and much contact with great folk made her at ease in the company of distinguished men and women. She was so kindly and natural that she could meet the humblest people without antagonizing them or having them feel that she deemed herself superior.

Eliza Monroe's ability to win the good will of people once saved a great lady from the guillotine. It was the Marquise de Lafayette, wife of that gallant Frenchman who so splendidly aided the cause of the colonies during the Revolutionary War. When the wave of hate against the nobility surged to its full height that lady was imprisoned and sentenced to be executed. Lafayette also was thrown into prison, and expected each hour to bring him a death sentence. He had been our country's truest friend during its time of struggle, yet the land that owed so much to him could not lift a finger in his defence, or in that of his wife, since that would have provoked a war with France. Remembering all that America owed to Lafayette, and realizing that he was powerless to aid her, James Monroe was sick with distress.

One night as they talked about it Eliza exclaimed, "You represent our government in France, but I am just a private citizen, and as a private citizen I can go to see my friend."

It was a delicate, even dangerous thing to do, for unless the utmost tact were used, the visit of the American ambassador's wife to a condemned noblewoman might be interpreted as an attempt at interference on the part of America.

The following morning she acted. Immediately after breakfast she drove to La Force Prison, in which the Marquise was confined, and asked to visit her friend. Seeing her alight from a carriage emblazoned with emblems that told it was that of the American ambassador, the guard at the gate feared to refuse to admit her, for he knew not what power lay behind the visit. He sent for his commanding officer, who in turn called his chief. To this man Eliza talked feelingly of the wife of Lafayette, saying that both she and her husband had ever been friends of liberty, as the service they had rendered the American colonies when they were struggling to gain liberty well proved. The man was so convinced by her words, that he let her go into Madame Lafayette's cell. Then he went with a plea to officials of the Revolution. The execution of the Marquise had been set for that afternoon, but the order was arrested, and she was freed the next day. Lafayette also was released shortly afterward.

It was that way always. In all, the Monroes spent ten years in Europe, for after serving as minister to France, James was again sent there to negotiate

the purchase of Louisiana. Then he became United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and throughout that entire period Eliza was admired and loved as "The Superb American." Even with the cares that come to those in high political places they were delightful years for her, for her marriage was ideally happy, her home life everything that she desired. She found great joy in training her daughters and directing their education. And because of her wise guidance these girls were admired almost as much as their mother. Both had inherited much of the mother's beauty, the dark hair and eyes, rich coloring and graceful carriage. The older one, also named Eliza, was a fellow pupil in a girl's school with Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Napoleon's wife, Josephine, and herself afterward Queen of Holland. She chose young Eliza Monroe as her most intimate friend.

"She was the loveliest lady I ever knew," Hortense said long afterward in speaking of Mrs. Monroe, "a credit and a glory to the land she helped to represent in France and England."

There came a day when James Monroe reached the pinnacle of his success, when he realized his dream of dreams and was elected President. And with Eliza first lady in the land, the White House had as regal a mistress as it has ever known. Endowed as she was by nature with rare social gifts, and developed by the training of her girlhood and years of court life in Europe into an elegant and accomplished woman, she understood entertaining in splendid fashion perhaps better than any President's wife save Dolly Madison.

The White House was not so gay during her reign there as during that of the buoyant Dolly. Captain Kortright's daughter had been rather a frail girl. The strain of ten years as an ambassador's wife, with its endless round of receptions, dinners, and calling, as well as the training of her daughters and direction of their education had told upon her health. By the time her husband became President, lack of strength forced her to live quietly, and only several times each year were people bidden to social affairs in the executive mansion. But when she threw her doors open, the refined elegance of her receptions and dinners, and the grace with which she presided over them was the talk of the entire country for months afterward.

"To attend a White House reception or ball in Eliza Monroe's day," wrote one of the many whose delight it was to be entertained by her, "was like going from some dimly lighted chamber into a realm flooded with color and sunshine, over which a goddess held sway."

At the end of Monroe's presidential term the family returned to Virginia, to the house with the Doric columns and porticoes facing southward among the wide spreading oaks. Long ago Eliza's tormenting brother called it "The Castle of the Seven Kingdoms," and that in truth it seemed to her, for she never had grown past believing that James Monroe was the right man. She had thought him wonderful the day he saved her rose-

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sprigged dress from the water. He became even more wonderful in her eyes through the long lapse of years, and their home overlooking the Virginia lowlands was the very heart of the world to her.

It was the same with Monroe himself. "Having formed an attachment for this young lady, I must relinquish all other objects not connected with her."

All in all, the story of our fifth president and his wife is one of the sweetest love tales in the history of America, for in the eyes of each, the other was real Prince and Princess, and wherever they were together seemed enchanted country.

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Stamp News in Brief

By OSBORNE B. BOND

I HAVE recently seen a copy of the *Politiken*, a newspaper published in Copenhagen, concerning the provisional seven ore stamps which were issued on April first to meet an alteration in the rate of postage on post cards. The new seven ore stamps not being ready, stocks of obsolete stamps remaining on hand were surcharged. The ordinary stamps so over-printed were the eight ore gray and the twenty-seven ore red and gray, and in addition to these, the 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 15, and 20 ore official stamps of 1915 were surcharged "Danmark Postfrim 7 ore." The 7 on 1, 7 on 4, and 7 on 15 ore appear to be fairly plentiful, but the others are scarce, especially the 7 on 5 ore, which are now selling in Copenhagen at the equivalent of about \$1.50 each. In addition to these a further provisional has appeared, a 12 on 15 ore ordinary stamp. The newspaper in which this information was found states that complete sets of the nine stamps of seven ore on other values could be obtained only at the Stamp Exhibition being held at the Central Post Office at a price of Kr. 1.25, including eight pictorial postcards.

On March twenty-seventh of this year, the Government of Malta issued an order that all of the stamps then in use were to be surcharged with the single word "Postage," in order to distinguish them from stamps issued for revenue purposes. On April first these surcharged stamps were placed on sale, and within an hour all of the two shilling and two shillings and six pence values were sold out. These stamps are in great demand and prices keep soaring toward the sky. Of the 2/- and 2/6 values only eight thousand of each were surcharged and twenty-four thousand of the four-pence were over-printed with the same surcharge. The new permanent set for Malta has already appeared. I have seen the following varieties at the time of writing:

- 3/4d. Brown
- 4 1/2d. Yellow, Buff and Violet
- 4d. Red and Black
- 1/- Black, Malta Harbor
- 1/6 Green and Black, St. Publius
- 2/- Purple and Black, Notabile
- 2/6 Red and Black, Gozo boat
- 3/- Blue and Black, Statue of Neptune.

On March 1st an Air Mail service was started between Montevideo and Buenos Aires and a new set of Air Mail stamps was issued by Uruguay, the denominations being six, ten, and twenty centesimi, all imperforate. The air mail fees are as follows: 2 grams, 6c; 50 grams, 10c; 100 grams, 20c; each additional 20 grams or fraction, 20c. These are in addition to the ordinary letter postage. A 25-centesimi air mail stamp has also been issued, of the same design as the others, but available only for inland flights, and not to Buenos Aires. It is at present used between Montevideo and the isolated town of Rocha.

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Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c. to approval applicants. Extra premium this month only.

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Free Premium For Every One

who writes for our United States and foreign approval books and sends his reference. We now have U. S. from one cent to several dollars per item. The stock is limited.

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- 22 different stamps from Guatemala 25c
- 25 " " " Peru 25c
- 25 " " " China 25c
- 25 " " " West Indies 25c

Buy all four and we will include 25 different stamps from Africa—FREE

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PACKETS—12 different Palestine 30c; 50 diff. Africa 25c; 50 diff. Asia 30c; 30 Straits 50c; 25 West Indies 25c; 20 Barbados 60c; 20 Br. Guiana 40c; 12 Belgian Congo 30c. SPECIAL 1000 diff. 89c. Fine Approvals also.

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2096 E. 89th St., Cleveland, Ohio

30 diff. DANZIG for 12c. and a free packet of foreign stamps to those asking for my 1/2, 1 and 2c. approvals or ordering one of the following variety packets: 25 Bulgaria, 15c; 20 Dutch Indies, 15c; 15 Guatemala, 15c; 20 Peru, 15c; 25 Persia, 25c.

A. FRISCH

83-47 Vietor Place Elmhurst, N. Y.

Stamps of All Countries

- 5 Liberia Triangles 25c
- 10 Tunis Parcel Post 25c
- 7 Chile 25c

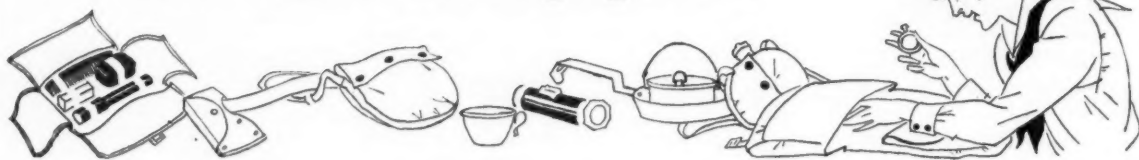
Approvals against reference

J. M. WILSON

1243 Russell St. Allentown, Pa.

Are you earning your camp equipment through our Earn-Your-Own Club?

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective August 1, 1926

Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65
	38-44	4.15
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70
	38-44	5.20
Skirt	10-44	2.10
Bloomers	10-44	1.85
Knickers	10-44	2.15
Middy—Official khaki...	10-42	1.75
Norfolk Suit—Officer's:		
Khaki, light weight...	32-44	8.00
Serge	32-44	38.00
Hat, Officer's	6½-8	4.00
Hat, Girl Scout's.....	6½-8	1.60
Web Belt	28-38	.65
	40-46	.75
Leather for officers.....	28-38	2.75
	40-42	3.00
Neckerchiefs, each45
Bandeaux (to match neckerchiefs), each45
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, car- dinal, black, and yellow.		
Black Silk	2.00	
Green Silk	2.00	
Yellow Slickers	10-12	4.50
	14-20	5.25
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather		
Coat Model	32-40	8.00
Slipover Model	32-40	7.00

Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars	
Gold	\$0.20
Silver15
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Flower Crests15
†*Life Saving Crosses	
Silver	1.75
Bronze	1.50
† Proficiency Badges15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
†*Thanks Badge	
Heavy gold plate with bar....	3.00
10K Gold Pin.....	5.00
Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
Silver Plate75

Insignia

	Price
† Armband	\$0.15
† Corporal's Chevron10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron..	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts..	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron15

Pins

	Price
† Brownie	\$0.25
† Committee75
†*Community Service35
†*Golden Eaglet	1.50
† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze50
† Tenderfoot Pins	
10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch)...	.75
New plain type15
Old style plain pin.....	.08
Midget gold filled50
Worn by officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform	
Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

Songs

	Price
America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout..	.15
First National Training School..	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs	
Vocal Booklet10
Piano Edition30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
Lots of 10 or more.....	.03
Goodnight15
Hiking On30
Oh, Beautiful Country05
On the Trail:	
Piano edition40
Midget Size05
Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Onward15
To America25
Be Prepared—Girl Guide Song..	.35

Flags

American Flags			
Size	Material		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool.....		\$2.80
3x5 ft.	Wool.....		3.60
4x6 ft.	Wool.....		4.60

† Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2 x 3 ft.	Wool....	\$2.60	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool....	4.20	15c " "
3 x 5 ft.	Wool....	5.75	20c " "
4 x 6 ft.	Wool....	8.50	20c " "

† Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No.... \$1.50
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter
troop flags and pennants.

† G. S. Felt Emblems

3x4	35c
4x5	40c
6x7	45c
7x10	55c

Signal Flags

Flag Set

1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed 6-ft. Staff	\$1.30
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, jointed60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair75

Staffs

7 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle..	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear..	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate	1.60
Flag Carrier	2.60

Literature

	Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25
Brownie Pamphlet15
Brownie Report75
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)...	2.00
Campward Ho!75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year50
Community Service Booklet— Each10
Per dozen	1.00
First Aid Book— New Edition	1.05
Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris)...	2.00
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50
Girl Scout Handyfacts	2.35
Health Record Books, each10
Per dozen	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover80
English Girl Guide75

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)

	Price
Home Service Booklet, each ...	\$0.10
Per dozen	1.00
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop	
Pamphlet, each05
Per hundred	4.50
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.55
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15

Nature Program—

<i>A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders</i> <i>in their Nature Work</i>20
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides	
<i>Tenderfoot</i>03
<i>First Class and Rambler</i>05
<i>Second Class and Observer</i>10
Per set of 3.....	.15

Nature Projects—

Set of three (<i>Bird, Tree and</i> <i>Flower Finder</i>) with note- book cover	1.50
Projects, each40
Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet10
Star Project20
Ye Andrée Logge75

Pageant—

<i>Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence</i> <i>Howard)</i> , each50
Patrol Register, each15
Patrol System for Girl Guides..	.25

Plays—

<i>Why They Gave a Show and</i> <i>How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)</i> <i>Each</i>15
<i>How St. John Came to Bencer's</i> <i>School</i>	
<i>A Pot of Red Geraniums</i> <i>Why the Rubbish?</i> <i>Everybody's Affair</i> <i>When the Four Winds Met</i> <i>(By Oleda Schrottky)</i> <i>Magic Gold Pieces</i> <i>(By Margaret Mochrie)</i> <i>Above six, each</i>15
<i>Lots of ten or more, each</i>10

Post Cards—

Set of Six (<i>Silhouette</i>).....	.10
1 dozen sets	1.00
Set of four (<i>Colored</i>) (<i>Fall,</i> <i>Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets</i> <i>cannot be broken</i>).....	1.50
1 dozen sets05
Building	2 for
<i>Washington Little House (Ex-</i> <i>terior)</i>02
<i>Washington Little House</i> <i>(Doorway)</i>02
<i>Girl Scout Laws (By E. B.</i> <i>Price)</i>05
Per hundred	4.50
<i>Girl Scout's Promise</i>05
Per hundred	4.50

Series of Law Cards

	Price
Per hundred	\$4.50
"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"	
"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"	
"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"	
"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"	
Any of above, each.....	.03
Per hundred	2.50

Posters—

New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼ Per dozen	1.00
Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)15
Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16 Per hundred	10.00
Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11..	.10
Per hundred	8.00

Scout Laws

Size 14 x 19.....	.30
Size 9 x 11.....	.10

Producing Amateur Entertain-
ments (By Helen Ferris).....

2.00	
Scout Mastership	1.50
Short Stories for Girl Scouts...	2.00
Tree Marker (not engraved)...	8.00
Troop Management Course75
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)	2.05

Additional Sheets

Cash Record	
(15 sheets)25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.
Treasurer's Monthly Record	
(30 sheets)25c. package
Per Sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
(15 sheets)25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.
Individual Record	
(30 sheets)25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.
Troop Advancement Record	
3c. a sheet	
Troop Reports	
(30 sheets)25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.

Miscellaneous

	Price
Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85
Belt Hooks, extra05
Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair 4-pound grey	5.50
Bugle	5.80
Braid—¼-inch wide, yard	5.00
† Buttons—Per set10
10—6 L to set—dozen sets..	.25
Camp Toilet Kit	2.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.35
Compass, Plain	2.75
Compass, Plain	1.00
Radiolite Dial	1.50

Cuts

	Price
Running Girl	\$1.00
Trefoil75
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.30
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra..	.50
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Small size	1.35
Large size	1.70
Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:	
Linen35
Box of three	1.00
Cotton20
Box of six	1.00
Haversacks, No. 1	3.00
No. 2	2.00
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25
1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide40
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide	.60
Knives, No. 1.....	1.60
No. 2	1.05
Sheath Knife	1.60
Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces..	3.00
Mirror—Unbreakable25

† Patterns—

Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 Norfolk Suit, 34-4415
Pocket Signal Charts, each....	.25
In lots of ten or more, each...	.15
Poncho (45x72)10
Poncho (60x82)	3.50
Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	4.75
10K Gold, 3 to 9	1.50
Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.	4.00
Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.15
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt....	.10
Serge O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard50
Sewing Kit, Tin Case	4.75
Aluminum Case25
Girl Scout Stationery50
Girl Scout Stickers—Each.....	.55
Per dozen01
Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11..	.10
Sun Watch55
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em- bossed in gold)	1.00
3 for02
12 for05
100 for15
Thread, Khaki spool	1.00
Per dozen spools15
1.20	

† Uniform Make-up Sets—

Long Coat Uniform70
1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
Two-piece Uniform85
1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Skirt Pattern	
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Whistles20
Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

Our August Contents



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Ann Brockman

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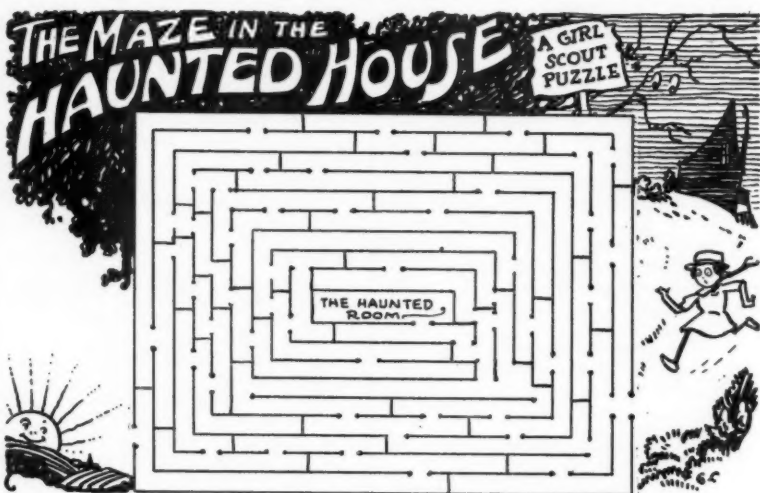
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Our Puzzle Pack

George Carlson 58

OUR PUZZLE PACK



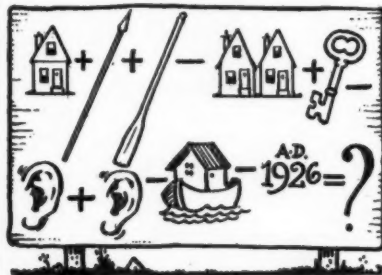
The Haunted House Puzzle

While there is no doubt but that a Girl Scout has courage and is not afraid of the least little thing, yet who wouldn't leave a haunted house on a wild, dark night as soon as possible?

Here we have a rather frightened miss who is anxious to get away from a spooky place and back to bright and cheery daylight. However, there is a bewildering maze which has to be traveled through first and a haunted room to be avoided, so it is up to our puzzlers to find the correct route out.

An Enigma

I am a well-known quotation of 33 letters. My 1, 2, 7, 6, is a number less than seven. My 5, 3, 10, 4, is earth. My 18, 16, 17, 15, is adjacent. My 12, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22, are circular frames turning on their own axis. My 19, 11, 25, 8, 9, is a way to strike the teeth together. My 28, 29, 27, 24, 26, is a small animal of the weasel family. 32 is an indefinite article and my 23, 30, 31, 33, is an abbreviation of a boy's name.



A Puzzle Sum

By adding and subtracting the names of the various objects pictured above, make the name of a famous American writer of weird mystery tales.

Concealed Fruit

The name of a fruit is concealed in each of the following sentences.

1. There we saw the Cuban, an agreeable sort of a fellow, but very superstitious.

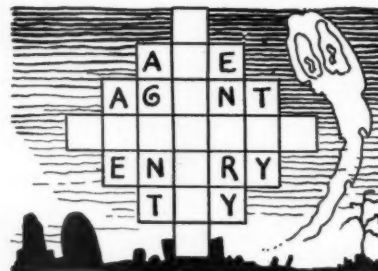
2. A resounding rap echoed down the hallway, so we knew that the messenger had arrived.

3. Because he carried a camera, I singled him out as a typical tourist.

4. We saw him, filled with ambition and hope, achieve the goal he was striving for.
 5. So great was their courage that it seemed they feared neither demons nor angels.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time make the MOON turn DARK in five changes.



A Word Diamond

Fill in blank spaces with a word having to do with the supernatural so that the other letters will make true words reading both ways.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

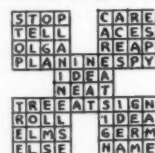
THE CAMP MAP PUZZLE:



DROP A LETTER: 1. Clover-cover. 2. Dragon-dragon. 3. Marine-Maine. 4. Shout-shot.

A WORD DIAMOND: Leather.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:



Clues to "The Secret Cargo" puzzle next month



After tennis—tell your best friend

The American Girl

—the magazine for all girls

*5 months for 50 cents
Until September 15th*

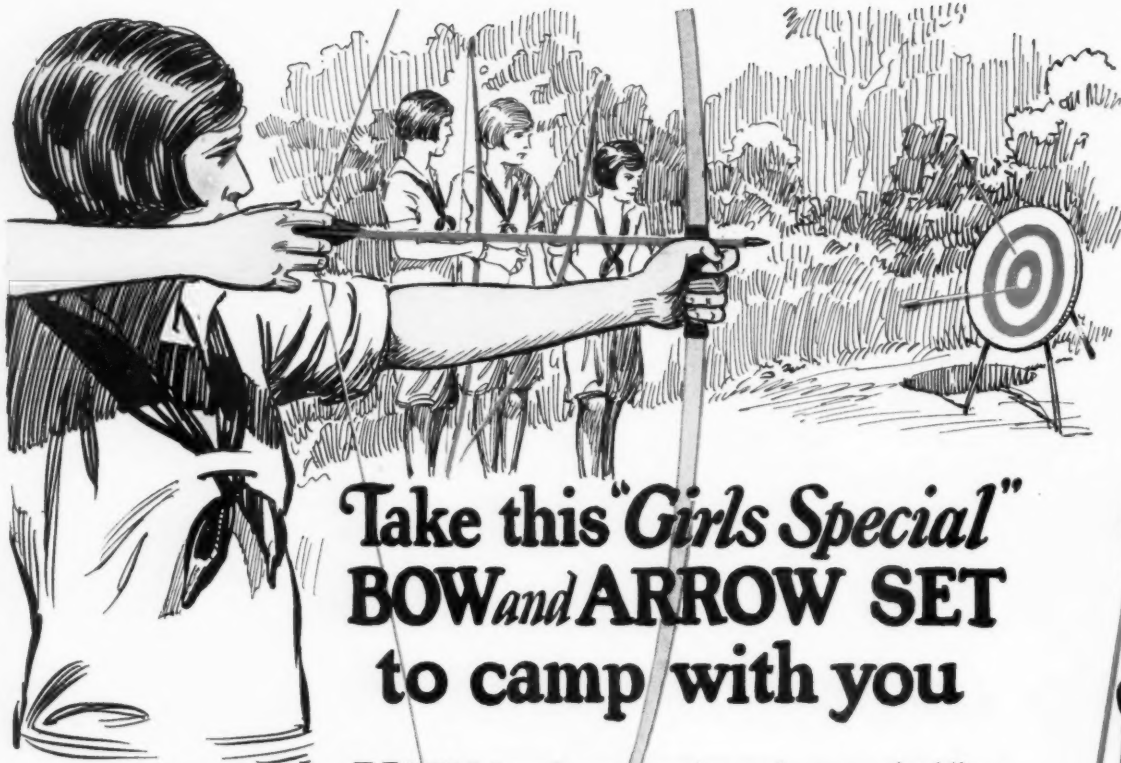
Take her home with you. Get out the latest copy of *The American Girl*. Tell her about the exciting mystery stories—the Good Looks page—the pictures that come every month. Then pop your surprise on her—

That this delightful magazine will now come to her for five months at a cost of only fifty cents. Then at Christmas time, her parents will renew as one of her presents.

SHE WILL THANK YOU

This will be doing your chum a truly Good Turn—whether she is a Girl Scout or not. And perhaps you will even send in her money for her, since the special offer closes on September 15th.

THE AMERICAN GIRL
670 Lexington Avenue
New York City



Take this "Girls Special" BOW and ARROW SET to camp with you

Four Fine Archery Sets for Girls

\$7.50—Ladies' "English Yeoman" Set. This is the size for camp directors and the larger girls. One of these bows won the 1926 Archery Tournament at Bryn Mawr. 5½ ft. longbow of selected lemonwood, specially chosen to fit the archer, finest Italian hemp bowstring, high gloss Duco polish, 3 handsome selected target arrows, leather arm guard, Archer's Handbook, all postpaid, guaranteed.

\$5—Girls' "English Yeoman" Set, including 5-ft. lemonwood bow, 3 fine triple-fletched arrows, Handbook.

\$3.50—"Wo-Pe-Na" Archery Set, with 44-in. lemonwood bow designed after Sioux Indian model. 3 scarlet-shafted arrows, small Indian style quiver of green leather. Handbook.

\$3—"Girls' Special" Set. This is an inexpensive outfit, handsome, durable and hard-shooting. Includes 5-ft. round Wych Elm longbow, 2 scarlet-shafted arrows, Handbook.

All outfits guaranteed satisfactory—order today.

List of Men's Archery Sets for long, hard shooting, both target and game, on request.

YOU'LL hear bows twanging and arrows thudding into the targets at all the popular camps this summer. The royal sport of olden times has become the newest sport wherever girls and boys, men and women, are seeking outdoor health and fun.

Doctors will tell you there is no more healthful sport for strength, for beauty, for steady nerves and strong sinews.

And your archery set will supply more pleasure than anything else you take to camp. In the woods, on the water, over the golf course, in "the glade by the greenwood tree," there are always delightful sports and games for all who draw the bow.

Here are archery sets made by America's largest exclusive manufacturers of archery tackle especially for girls and Girl Scouts. Send \$5 for this handsome hard-shooting set shown at the right—shipped promptly postpaid, guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded on return in original condition within 5 days.

The call of the summer camps is taxing the resources of our bowyers and fletchers—only trained and skilled workers can provide this fine archery tackle—so order today and make sure of your set.



Girls' "English Yeoman" Set—Only \$5

5-ft. lemonwood longbow, beautifully finished in waterproof Duco, cord handle. Italian hemp bowstring, 3 fine target arrows, Duco-red waterproofed, each with 3 colored feathers; complete illustrated Archer's Handbook of instructions; all postpaid, guaranteed satisfactory.

THE ARCHERS COMPANY

America's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Archery Tackle

PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA

(Formerly New Orleans, La.)

USE THIS COUPON

THE ARCHERS COMPANY, DEPT. A-8, Pinehurst, N. C.

Please send by () Parcel Post () Express the following: Enclosed is (Check) (Money Order) for \$——

——Ladies' "English Yeoman" Archery Sets at \$7.50 each. ——Extra Arrows for Ladies' Archery Set, \$6.00 per dozen or six for \$3.00

——Girls' "English Yeoman" Archery Sets at \$5 each ——Extra Arrows, six for \$2.50.

——"Wo-Pe-Na" Archery Sets at \$3.50 each. ——Extra Arrows at \$3.00 per dozen.

——"Girls' Special" Sets at \$3 each. ——Extra Arrows, six for \$1.75. ——Archer's Handbooks at 25c. each.

Name Address

Weight Height Age Occupation

The more you tell us about yourself the better we can select your archery set for you.

